

The Industrial Pioneer

Illustrated Labor Magazine ————— Price 20 Cents

APRIL

1926



STRIKE!



The Battle of Passaic

FREE SPEECH?

It Sticks to Your Shoes

Why the I. W. W. Will Not Die

Swan Song

a Novelette

Preamble of the I.W.W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



The Industrial Pioneer

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The Battle of Passaic

By JIM DARCY



*"In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;
Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousand-fold.
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong."*



BITTER class war is raging in Passaic, with the martial strains of this famous Wobbly song rising mightily from the throats of 12,000 wool and worsted mill strikers who have risen from the mire of dumb, degrading poverty and are in revolt for higher wages and other demands.

With heads of families regarding themselves fortunate if they were making \$22.50 a week, and a large number receiving as low as \$15.00, it will be seen at once that the strike is a desperate blow for elemental necessities. In spite of living costs constantly going up, wages were cut ten per cent last autumn, and the workers began to organize.

In the early part of February the 5,400 workers employed by the Botany Mills came out, and before another week had passed the Garfield Worsted Mill and the Passaic Spinning Company were struck. Shortly after this the Forsten-Huffman Mills spinners joined their striking fellow workers of these other plants, and one week later the Gera Mill workers walked out.

This kind of solidarity enraged the mill owners, and at the sound of the Wobbly war songs the "bulls saw red." Followed the usual scheme invoked for such situations the bosses ordered the police to use their clubs and smash the life out of this rebellion. A large parade of strikers marched from Passaic through Clifton and Garfield where some of the mills are located. At the Ackerman bridge between the latter two towns they were met by the police who rushed the crowd of men, women and children clubbing indiscriminately.

The parade was a peaceful demonstration, in which there were even baby carriages pushed by mothers. However, the police exist to serve industrial autocracy. In this case their reprehensible service was so vigorous that even a part of the conservative press in near by cities protested editorially.

More important, though, was the electrifying effect this savagery had on the strikers. No longer would they struggle simply against the wage cut. They formulated the following demands and presented them to the mill masters:

1. Ten per cent increase over the old wage scale.
2. Return of money taken from them by wage cut.
3. Time and a half for overtime.
4. A 40-hour week.
5. Decent sanitary working conditions.

6. No discrimination against union workers.

7. Recognition of the Union.

Demonstrations of mass picketing brought new police onslaughts. This time clubs were supplemented by tear-gas bombs in an unsuccessful attempt to disperse the pickets. But when the tactics of police violence reached this disgraceful extreme the World War Veterans came to the strikers' aid, furnishing them with gas masks and steel helmets. Thus are the devices of militarism pressed into service in modern class struggle.

Not only have the police been used against the strikers, in the ways already described, but fire department equipment has been used. Water driven with terrific pressure through fire hose nozzles has been poured on the massed workers. But the flame of revolt against their evil conditions of existence has leaped too high; it is too big and strong, to be extinguished, and only grows more intense after these savage assaults.

There are a number of Wobbly strikers who are doing much to sustain the fighting morale, and to promote the solidarity so essential to victory. In the great textile strike at Lawrence in 1911-12 the I. W. W. succeeded in welding together the workers of many nationalities and putting up a battle that was of worldwide interest. But the workers later forgot the One Big Union and drifted apart, easy prey for their trustified masters.

Mill owners fear that 40,000 silk workers of

Passaic and Paterson may join the strike. Add this large number to those already striking and an industrial contest of great magnitude would be in progress. In the strike it was early seen that old trade lines must be torn down in order to obtain the requisite solidarity. Tactics that have so long been advocated by the I. W. W. were advanced and adopted. The result is that more than 12,000 strikers are making a united stand animated by class consciousness.

Would you witness the misery of the mill slaves? Then come to Passaic's filthy streets lined with decrepit tenements and derelict homes, where the

workers pass their lives when not sweating in similarly vitiated factory confines. See the mill strikers parading with a banner, thousands of women and girls in line with the men. They have lifted aloft a banner inscribed with the defiance of revolt. And it is surmounted by a mill girl's shabby hat—the only one she can afford on her niggardly wage, while every millinery shop and department store flaunts its treasures in her face. But she is a worker, and this damnable regime of rich loafers provides that one bummy, old hat is enough for her. And for the rich female parasites, what? Ease, luxury, hats and shoes and



apparel galore. It was like this when the Bourbons fell and when the workers toppled the throne of the tsar.

In Passaic you will see rickety children. Why are they rickety? Why are they suffered to be mute, wasting victims of malnutrition—slow starvation? Why are the tired workers so desperately driven, so bitterly rewarded for their labors? Why are silks and wool for a class of leeches while shoddy and remnants and scraps are the portion of society's useful members?

Again the thunder of iron hoofs reverberates from the cobbles and sidewalks. The mounted police are glorying in their finkified role. The cossacks are charging to crush rebellion out of these risen helots, to drive them back to their dungeons of drudgery, and their babies back to starvation. Motorcycle cops are speeding, too; rushing into crowds, knocking down the workers, and clubbing their heads.

And the strike goes on, Wobbly battle hymns ringing louder than this cacophony of suppression. The workers are struggling for life itself. Truly they have "Nothing to lose but their chains." And though mill owners turn deaf ears to their demands the while these robbers order the violence that is daily and hourly enacted here, that mill girl's hat is on the standard and thousands of marching feet move to the inspiration of that ensign, like the red liberty caps of old that rose to mark the fall of tyrants.

Some time it will start in just this way—the revolution in America—a mill slave's worn, misshapen hat on a banner's top, and on another banner that demand for a greater, finer, happier life epitomized in the demand: "Bread and roses."

Bread! Yes, because we need it for our bellies, and roses and all the good things of life in a real civilization where human rights shall transcend property rights and where we shall be the masters of the machines instead of their slaves. And because we shall dare to challenge the plunderers, making "the thief disgorge his booty." Because in that glorious hour of revolt we shall shatter to fragments the power of capitalism to raise on the ruins of hate and oppression the new commonwealth of love and social justice.

The acts of the police so transgress all customs of human decency that they fear publicity, and they have overturned cars of cameramen, smashing their cameras. To circumvent this device airplanes are circling over Passaic taking pictures, and reporters are using armored cars.

The American Civil Liberties Unions has interested itself in this struggle and is fighting to insure freedom of speech, press and assemblage



LOOKS TIRED, DOESN'T SHE?

The Pace That Kills Is the Textile Mill Pace

for the workers, while doing other relief work. Among those prominent from this group is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, whose experience in such struggles has extended over twenty years.

The wages cited at the outset must bring to the reader some visualization of existence pieced out on that niggardly pittance. The workers' lot must be intolerable on such coolie standarts, and it is gratifying to see the New Jersey strikers springing up from their sink of wretchedness. They are putting up a memorable fight and one that merits the heartiest support of the working class. And this support must be financial without delay if a speedy victory is going to be won.

The General Relief Committee of Textile Workers, 743 Main Avenue, Passaic, N. J., is appealing for donations to be used as strike relief, and your prompt aid should be given.

Since this article was received there have been thousands of workers added to the already embattled hosts. Continued police ruffianism in the towns where the struck mills are located, and where the strikers held huge demonstrations of mass picketing, stirred 5,000 dye workers to quit and join the strike.

This brings the number on strike to more than 16,000, and we have another vindication of the effectiveness of the industrial union idea. If the workers embrace it fully they can win, but if they let their solidarity be broken they are sure to return to the old conditions. Trade unions can not win industrial battles with monopolies.—THE EDITOR.





Why the I.W.W. will Not Die

By JOHN I. TURNER

(General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W.)

IT IS easy to keep up courage when there are no troubles and the world looks bright. And if a labor union is progressing without serious opposition, enthusiasm is everywhere to be found. But it is when difficulties confront it that courage and determination are needed. And I doubt that one could suggest anything better to a disheartened member of the I. W. W. than a little study in this organization's history, and an observance of how it has weathered many a stormy period and always came through determined to continue in its good work.

One of the favorite pastimes of many of its enemies and many of its "friends," too, has been in pronouncing it dead—or nearly dead, and then falling in line for the funeral march. Their "death sentences," however, have not been effective. Somehow the I. W. W. as an organization has escaped the fatal strangling, although a few of its members have been victims of "neck-tie parties" at the hands of the employing class hirelings.

The first serious crisis in the I. W. W. came at the second convention in Chicago in 1906. Its first and only president, a man by the name of Sherman, had been suspected by some of the delegates of not having the interests of the organization at heart. Their suspicions were well founded as the events that followed proved.

Early Troubles of the I. W. W.

The convention voted to abolish the office of president. Sherman and his gang surrounded themselves with a bunch of Chicago police and when the newly elected General Executive Board went to the General Office of the I. W. W. they were kept out and Sherman and the police held the building by force, and refused to turn over the records of the organization or its treasury of four thousand dollars that Sherman had in the Prairie State Bank. Two of the board members were beaten, and it was quite a while before the I. W. W. got control of the General Office and the funds. But while the fight for the possession of the general office building and the treasury had been going on, more serious troubles were brewing.

The Western Federation of Miners had become a part of the I. W. W., from its beginning, practically. It took in all miners regardless of craft or trade and recognized the class struggle. This army of courageous fighters, as many a hard-fought miners' strike bears evidence of, was a vital factor in the I. W. W. and supplied much of its fine spirit and strength in its early days.

Now Sherman and his followers had won the support of the W. F. of M. officials, many of whom never had been in sympathy with the I. W. W. but had been forced into the organization by pressure brought to bear upon them from the rank and file

of the miners. The controversy with the "Shermanites" gave them an opportunity to win the support of their less enlightened membership in a move to pull away from the I. W. W. In this they succeeded. It was a hard blow to the I. W. W., despite the fact that the more radical element of the miners remained with it instead of following the officials in the secession.

After the withdrawal of the W. F. of M. the socialists deserted the I. W. W. and declared that its end had come. Probably the loss of their support was little to worry about; but the moral effect of losing the W. F. of M. was of no little consequence to the new organization.

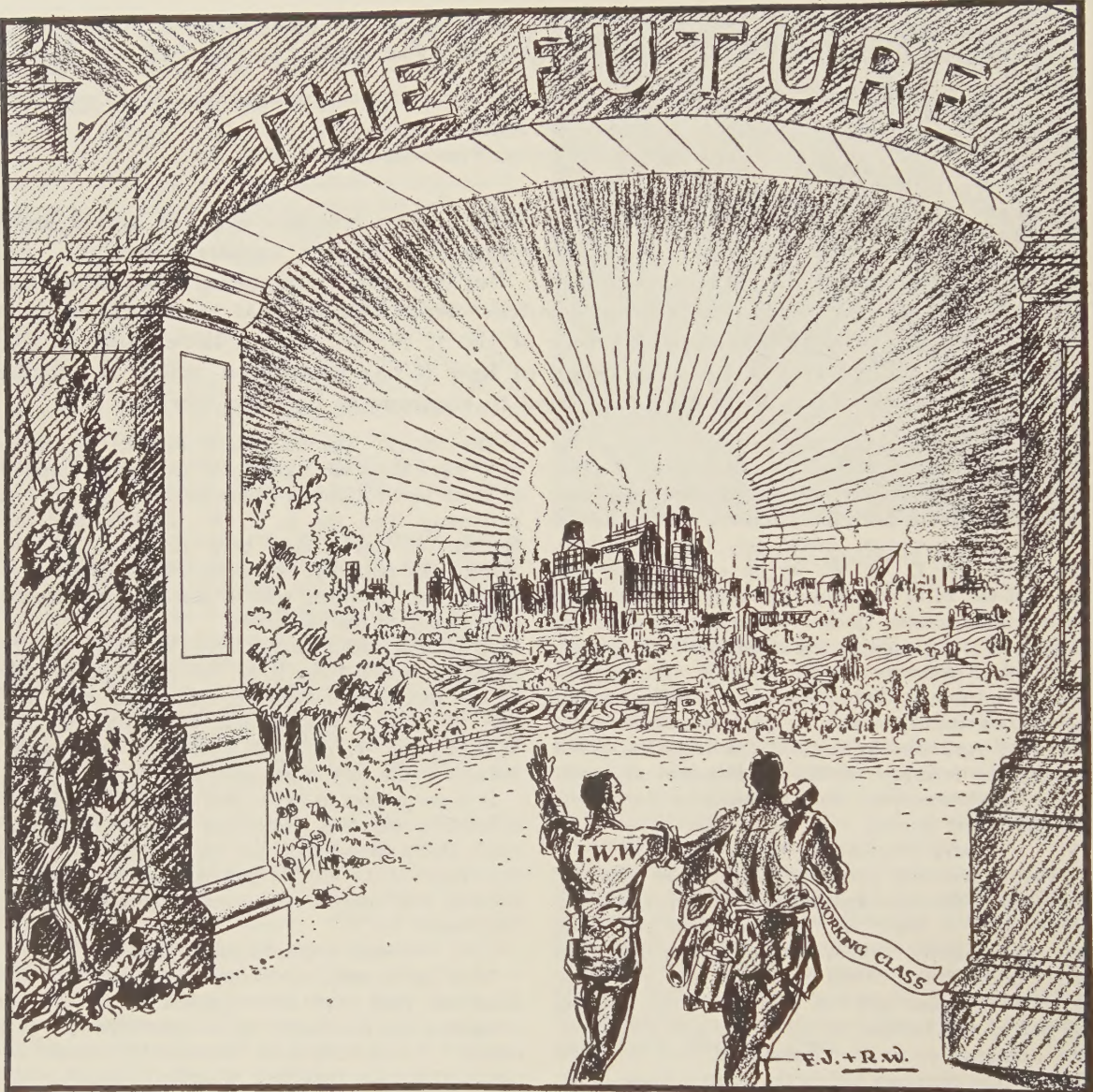
It is surprising to know that in the face of such a calamity the two years that followed witnessed much strike activity on the part of the I. W. W. The days of I. W. W. job control in Goldfield, Nevada, will long be remembered by the miners of the West.

Fierce Fights Against Bosses

With the fourth convention at Chicago in 1908 came the fight over the "political clause" in the preamble, and it resulted in the elimination of that clause. To set forth as a clear-cut labor organization without the "political wing" was suicide. So said the parliamentarians, high and low.

It seems that the greater disaster that came from this move was to the "pollys" themselves. After they had sounded the death knell of the I. W. W. and were on the eve of an awful setback for the political wing, the "overall brigade," as the parliamentarians had termed their opponents in the fourth convention were preparing for some interesting fights with the employing class.

Two struggles of the year 1909 that stand out were the free speech fight in Spokane, Washington, and the strike of the Pressed Steel Car Company at McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania. Here the I. W. W. strikers drove back the Pennsylvania State Constabulary (commonly called cossacks) after making good their threat to take the life of a cossack for every striker killed by them. This was the first time that these famous strikebreakers had ever been routed by striking workers.



Then in Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1912, came a walkout of the textile workers of the American Woolen Mills against a decrease in wages. The strike was called a "spontaneous walkout" on the part of the formerly suppressed textile workers. The I. W. W. sent its ablest organizers there and they lined up the strikers for what probably was the greatest strike that the woolen kings of Lawrence had ever had to contend with.

Many strikers were arrested by the police who were only too willing to do the bidding of the employers. Attempts of the strikers to send their children away to friends and sympathizers who had agreed to feed them until the strike was over, were met with police reprisals. Some of the women, mothers of the children, were beaten by the police as they tried to put them on trains to send them

away. Three organizers were arrested and charged with the murder of a striking girl who was most likely shot by gunmen of the employers.

Against all this persecution, the strikers, representing many nationalities and speaking many different tongues, stood solid. After about two months of brutal persecution of the strikers the woolen trust gave in and granted large wage increases.

Trouble With Decentralizers

The year 1913 brought the trouble with the "decentralizers," when it seemed as if these fanatics with their foolish ideas would completely wreck the organization. They did not get control of the convention that year as they had planned to do, but they did much harm with their cries of "Down with autocracy" against every effort of the organization

to establish discipline. They did not believe in discipline. They had a lot of dreams about "freedom." Freedom to them meant for every fool to have the unmolested right to do as he wished to do. How any organization that accepted such ideas could exist at all is something that this element never explained. And the chief cause of their failure to gain control of the I. W. W. at that time rested in their inability to organize themselves to carry on their fight. Men of such ideas cannot organize. They cannot agree on a concerted plan of action. They may be coerced or forced into united action, but they can not enforce discipline among themselves so long as they try to put their ideas into practice. One branch of the organization at Vancouver, British Columbia, started to make their own dues stamps. Others of the same school supported them in their senseless action. And again the I. W. W. for some months had to spend the greater portion of its energy in suppressing these foolish endeavors.

Many of the less patient of the membership became discouraged and quit. The enemies of the organization were sure that they heard the final count. It was a perilous time for the I. W. W. But it did not die.

A Very Active "Corpse"

An organization drive in the wheat belt in 1915 revealed to the "prophets" the fact that the I. W. W. had not yet become a corpse. This drive aroused new courage and determination and led to one of the greatest strikes that had ever taken place in America. (Probably not the greatest in numbers, but the greatest from the viewpoint of

tactics used). That was the strike of the lumber workers of the Northwest in 1917-18.

Following the harvest drive a concerted effort was made to line up the lumber workers for a strike against the long hours and other bad features connected with working in the woods and sawmills.

Organizers of the I. W. W. met with brutal treatment at the hands of lumber trust thugs. The famous beatings of organization members at Beverly Park, a suburb of Everett, Washington, and the murder of five or more organizers that tried to land there off a boat from Seattle, is an example of how the timber barons welcomed the I. W. W. in its attempt to organize the workers of the woods and mills.

But these brutalities did not stop the lumber workers from organizing. The conditions under which they had to work and live were bad. They were out for something better.

A convention of delegates elected by the lumber workers of the I. W. W. met in Spokane, Washington, in March, 1917, and drew up the demands of the workers as they had been instructed to do. The camps were to be made more sanitary. Clean beds, better food and an increase in wages were demanded, and foremost of all, they demanded that the workday be reduced from ten hours to eight.

These demands were presented to the employing lumbermen. Not realizing that the I. W. W. had become so strong in the woods and sawmills, they refused to consider these demands. So the strike came in the following June, and the Northwest lumbering industry was almost completely tied up.

The usual persecutions of strikers were made worse when the public press, loyal to the employers, proclaimed to the public that the strike was called to help the Germans win the war; for this country had then engaged in the fight to "save the world for democracy." Strikers were arrested and beaten. Then came federal indictments against officials and organizers, with long terms in prison for them. And it must not be forgotten that the copper miners of the I. W. W. in Arizona and Montana were striking at the same time. Arrests of strikers and deportations from the strike zone took place in Arizona.

Two months the lumber workers remained out. Then they did one of the most remarkable things that has ever been done by striking workers in the history of the American labor movement. They voted to "transfer the strike to the job." The idea was to slow down production until the employers would have to grant the eight-hour workday. Many thought such tactics could not be put into practice. The boss lumbermen thought so too. But they had not realized how well this "strike on the job" idea had permeated the minds of the lumber workers and how well they had organized and



THE I. W. W. HAS ALWAYS OPPOSED TRAGEDIES LIKE THESE; THE BOSSES MAKE THEM

planned to carry it on. Of course without organization it could not have been a success.

"If we have to stay on the job ten hours, we'll give them much less than we would even in the eight hours that we were asking for," they said. And they made good their promise to themselves. Also, entire crews would often quit and go home, or to the camps, when the eight hours were over. Workers "fired" for so doing went to other jobs to continue the same line of action. Discharged workers could not be replaced by other than organized workers. The strike was a great success.

After a few weeks of this demonstration of united action on the job by the membership of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W., the employers gave in and announced through the press that the eight-hour workday would be universal in the Northwest woods and sawmills. The other demands were also complied with and the strike on the job was called off.

Criminal Syndicalism Laws

But the exploiters of labor never cease to fight organization of their workers. They strike back every way they can. The famous criminal syndicalism laws were enacted as a further means of sending workers to prison. (In Idaho, however, the "C. S." law was passed shortly before the strike started, and no doubt in anticipation of it, as they saw that the lumber workers of that state were organizing into the I. W. W.)

A mob of American Legion men, aroused by the lies and misrepresentations of the I. W. W. in the press, were used by the employers as "cat's paws" to attack the lumber workers in their hall at Centralia, Washington, on Armistice Day, 1919. Naturally they had to defend their lives against this mob. In the fight four of the Legion men were killed. A few hours later one of the defenders who had been arrested and thrown in jail there was taken out under cover of darkness and hanged by the mob of lumber trust lickspittles in a most fiendish manner.

Amidst the reign of terror that followed, as the capitalist press fanned the flames of hatred against the I. W. W., and lumber workers were hunted down, jailed and beaten, the men that defended their lives against the murderous mob were railroaded to prison for life.

It seemed that the organization could not live through this continuous persecution and terroristic tactics on the part of the employers and their hirelings. Many became discouraged, and abandoned the organization. But the I. W. W. lived on.

The spring of 1923 found the timber kings compelled to face another strike of this often killed organization. The strikers demanded the release of men imprisoned for union activity. While these demands were not granted, the strike was a fine example of solidarity and many believe that the men in the penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington, might have been later released by the I. W. W.



VERY PLAIN LESSON TAUGHT TO THE LUMBER WORKERS BY I. W. W. STICKERS

campaign in their behalf had not the solidarity of the organization been greatly weakened by the traitorous conduct of the ego-maniac James Rowan, and his dupes with their "Emergency Program."

Internal Foes Fail at Disruption

To gratify a personal grudge he had against officials in the General Office of the I. W. W., Rowan circulated bulletins and letters among the membership in which he stated that the General Secretary-Treasurer had stolen thousands of dollars of the organization's funds and that the General Office was run by gunmen and gangsters. At the convention called to investigate the controversy all these statements were proven to be false, but the turmoil created as the result of Rowan's outrageous lies has forced the organization to spend much time and energy that but for such confusion could have been spent in the education and organization of other workers.

This gang of cut-throats that tied up by a court injunction the funds of the I. W. W., including money for the release of members in prison and for those awaiting trial, have about played themselves out. However, they are still issuing a lying sheet from Portland, Oregon, that they have the nerve to call the "Industrial Unionist." They counterfeited the seal and dues stamps of the I. W. W. and they, this bunch of would-be union wreckers that refused to recognize a convention of delegates elected by the rank and file of the membership to investigate and ascertain the cause of all the

trouble, are still trying to make workers believe they are the I. W. W. And occasionally some uninformed worker is led into their trap and joins them and pays dues to support these enemies of the working class.

Just as the I. W. W. has overcome other disruptive tactics at the hands of its enemies, it is overcoming the admittedly bad effects of the "emergency" stab in the back. The organization has made mistakes and will no doubt make others, as workers have ever done in their struggles with their oppressors. But by their mistakes they learn. And the fact that the I. W. W. has endured these twenty years of attacks from within and from

without should serve as an inspiration to every workers to drive him on to greater activity and determination. The idea of industrial unionism as outlined in the preamble of the I. W. W. is an idea born of conditions that have made it inevitable. A knowledge on the part of the toilers in industry of the developments of capital creates an army of workers that forms the nucleus of an ever-growing industrial solidarity. The attempts of its enemies to disrupt and to suppress it add to the determination of the militant membership of the I. W. W. to carry on the fight until the ideals for which they have fought so hard have become a reality.



In Fighting the Poison of Capitalist Newspaper Propaganda the I. W. W. Press Has Always Played a Leading Part, and Continues to Teach The Truth to the Working Class

DRIVING 'EM OUT

SWOOPING DOWN on the brood of vultures comprising the alien I. W. W.'s, the Anarchists and the Socialists, everywhere hatching discontent and misery, the great American Eagle is driving 'em out!

Hard, cruel, destructive, uncompromising and murderous, these brutes in human form are seeking to destroy industry, all that industry creates, and Christian civilization itself.

Pressing their hideous doctrines upon the lowest element, their propaganda leads to chaos and explosive dangers.

They have resolved that the honest laborer must go or become their pawn.

Lacking the power to reason, they are wolfish and vicious.

Without cause they resort to the torch and terrorism, sparing neither life nor property.

The American Eagle, backed by the American Flag, is determined to drive 'em out and keep 'em out!

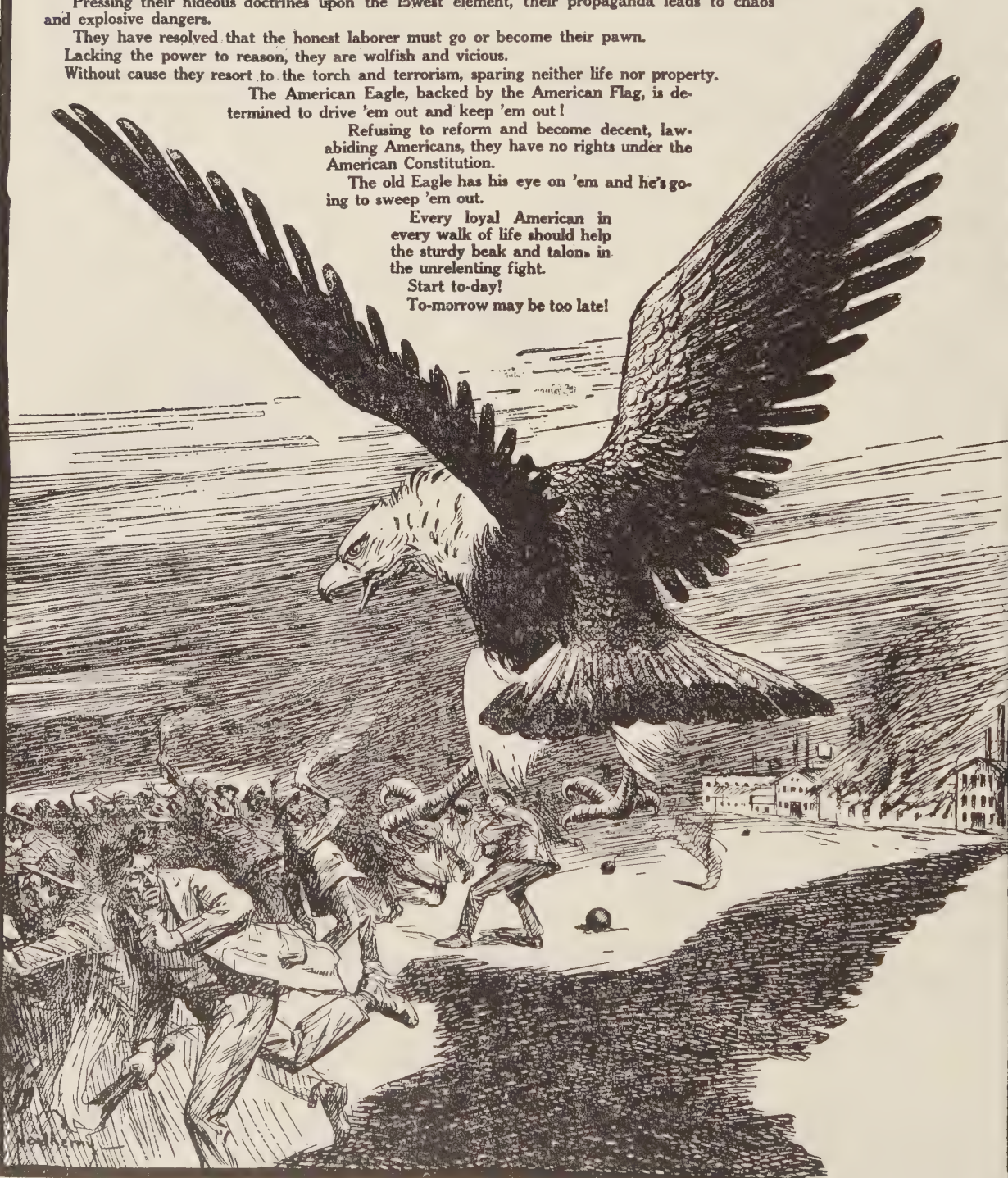
Refusing to reform and become decent, law-abiding Americans, they have no rights under the American Constitution.

The old Eagle has his eye on 'em and he's going to sweep 'em out.

Every loyal American in every walk of life should help the sturdy beak and talons in the unrelenting fight.

Start to-day!

To-morrow may be too late!



It Sticks to Your Shoes

By DANIEL TOWER

The drawing on the opposite page is a reprint of capitalist anti-radical spleen by which we are graphically reminded of the sweet solicitude, on the part of America's owners, for preserving the free speech, press, and assemblage "guarantees" in the sacred Bill of Rights. For a while dormant, there is now a reawakening of the birds of prey, as is powerfully described in this article, the first of several to be contributed by Daniel Tower. Next month there will be another.

IS THERE freedom of thought in this country? There is. It gets into your hair and sticks to your shoes like fly-paper.

Out in Oregon there is a law which compels all aliens who conduct grocery stores and butcher shops, apartment houses, and amusement emporiums to hang out signs telling their nationality. The motive of those who passed that law, I understand from a man who lately hurried through Oregon, was that all hundred per cent patriots would boycott anybody whose sign showed he was an outlander, and that he would then be constrained to become a loyal American. And during the two years or more that it requires to obtain naturalization papers he and his family would be free to eat grass in summer and go south with the birds in winter.

Wisconsin is another state notable for broad-minded lawmakers. It cherishes a legislative act providing for the condemnation and confiscation of history textbooks which reflect upon the founders of this republic and their motives in the struggle for independence.

More Work for Bookleggers

Fisher's "True History of the American Revolution" is one textbook which could be brought into Wisconsin only on a dark night by a booklegger. For in relating how Samuel Adams and other rebels dealt with persons who were not in favor of the revolt against England, Fisher writes:

"Men were ridden and tossed on fence rails; were gagged and bound for days at a time; pelted with stones; fastened in rooms where there was a fire with the chimney stopped on top; advertised as public enemies, so that they would be cut off from all dealing with their neighbors. They had bullets shot into their bedrooms; money or valuable plate extorted to save them from violence. . . . Their houses and ships were burnt; they were compelled to pay the guards who watched them in their houses; and when carted about for the mob to stare at and abuse they were compelled to pay something at every town."

Porter's "History of Suffrage in the United States" is another work which is kept out of Wisconsin by law. Porter says: "Much personal property and even real estate were unceremoni-

ously appropriated by the armed forces of the Revolution, at least under some slight color of legality, although often it was barefaced robbery."

James Oneal's book "The Workers in American History" is a third volume which cannot enter the schools of the great cheese-bearing commonwealth north of Illinois. For Oneal, in recounting the development of the turning against England, says: "Nor did the 'patriots' rely on persuasion alone. The more effective arguments of tar and feathers, physical assault, the boycott and exile were employed against those who regarded the claims of the 'fathers' with suspicion or openly opposed them."

Kansas Editors Get Excited

Kansas newspapers have started a campaign to keep school children from hearing anything derogatory to the state in which they reside. Geographies used in the schools have been attacked, on the ground that they contain information which conflicts with the slogan which Kansas has spent many thousands of dollars to spread: "Kansas Grows the Best Wheat in the World." The newspapers discovered statements in the school geographies to the effect that Rochester and Minneapolis were the great milling centers of the country, and that the finest wheat growing section was the Red River District in the north. Various editors have demanded that the state textbook commission change the present geographies for others which will speak well of Kansas as a wheat producer.

Mississippi is on the alert for any unexpurgated education which may endanger its young people. The *Deer Creek Pilot* declares editorially: "It is with a great deal of pleasure that we announce to the people of Mississippi that, at last, we have gotten out of our textbooks all matter that reflects on the South in any way and all objectionable matter in reference to the theory of evolution. We believe that we have for use in our agricultural highschools next year the only textbook on biology that does not mention the subject of evolution."

But perhaps the longest step forward in the field of law-making has been taken in the town of Kensott, Arkansas, where the city council, following an extended drought, enacted an ordinance prohibiting all persons within the municipal limits from singing, whistling, humming or otherwise uttering the song, "It Aint A Goin' To Rain No More."

Mr. Muzzey Believes Too Much

History purifiers have been busy in Washington State, where the Seattle chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution appointed a committee to

lives and fortunes in its behalf, rather than to embark in a discussion of the justness and propriety of the acts of our forefathers in refusing to longer remain under the authority of the British crown. Muzzey says that the dispute involves a 'debatable question.' What is the object to be attained by impeaching the Declaration of Independence? What matters whether King George the III, or his ministers were mainly responsible for the war or not! What the pupil needs to know is this: The colonists believed themselves to be oppressed and so believing they stood ready to sacrifice all in the cause of freedom."

Concluding, the Seattle book-deodorizing squad states: "We want our children to become red-blooded American Patriots, ready to do and die for the land which gave them birth, to say with Decatur, 'My Country, may she ever be right, but right or wrong, My Country', and to preserve the principles for which our ancestors fought under the blazing sun of Bunker Hill, and left their bloody footprints in the snow at Valley Forge and Princeton."



IT IS TO SECURE THIS SLAVE-DRIVING THAT THE ANTI-RADICAL DRIVES ARE MADE

examine the teaching of history in the public schools. This committee, headed by Harry Denton Moore, condemned Muzzey's history, and asked the school boards and textbook commissions to discontinue using it. The committee declared that Muzzey's book was "not a well balanced economic history. . . . He believes that our mining laws have robbed the people of a great heritage, not knowing that they made possible the development of our mineral resources."

"Pupils are interested in broad, powerful descriptions, vivid and colorful," the Seattle committee goes on. "They should be made acquainted with the facts which lead them to understand that liberty is a priceless jewel; that they should be proud of their country and its representative system of government."

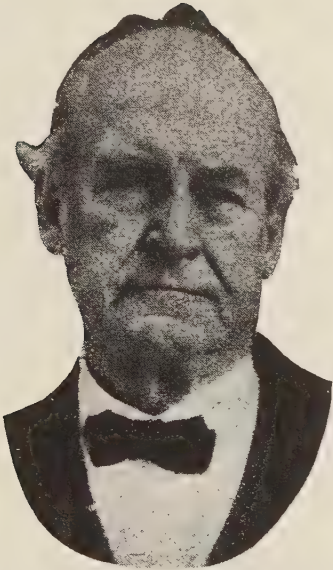
"The field of historical criticism is no place for sixteen year old school children, and it is proper for them to accept the statement of facts made by the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who were living at the time and who pledged their

Smoked Glasses for Iowa Kids

Officers of the American Legion In Iowa also have been concerned lest the works of Muzzey or other historians assailed by the Sons of the American Revolution get before the eyes of the school children in that state. These historians include Hart, West, McLaughlin, O'Hara, and Ward. One statement by Muzzey which irritated the Iowa Legionaires was this: "The next move of the administration (1812) was an attempt to bribe England and France to bid against each other for our trade."

McLaughlin and Van Tyne are unpopular with the Iowa Legion because in describing conditions at Valley Forge they wrote: "There his (Washington's) soldiers suffered from want, partly because Congress could not get money from the states and partly because unfit men in the Army supply department neglected their work."

West got himself disliked by the Legion because he said in his history that: "Many officers



**HE LOVED FREE SPEECH SO WELL HE WOULD HAVE
STRANGLERD IT WITH HIS EMBRACES**

(Revolutionary) were incompetent, self-seeking, and treacherous."

Everett Barnes, who wrote a "Short American History for the Grades" was in bad with the Sons of 1776 because he referred to John Hancock as a smuggler. But Barnes is in right again because he has rewritten his book and now asserts that Hancock was a "sterling patriot."

New England Gets News Slowly

Under the United States Constitution, which went into effect on the first Wednesday in March, 1789, freedom of worship is guaranteed to the multitude. But as this is written the state of Massachusetts has not heard about the Constitution going into effect. News travels slowly in New England.

Anthony Bimba has just been tried in Brockton, the shoe-town wherein Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in 1920. Bimba was prosecuted under a 229-year-old state law on a charge that he had denied the existence of a God. He was prevented from taking the stand in his own behalf by an old court decision barring an atheist from appearing as a witness. The fact that the defendant had not been proven an unbeliever did not worry the trial judge. Finally he was acquitted of blasphemy and convicted of sedition.

If Thomas R. Marshall had lived, this might be a religious country. I remember the thrill which I got from a news dispatch on October 11, 1921, telling of a speech at Montclair, N. J. by the eminent ex-vice-president. Mr. Marshall declared that every child in the United States should be compelled to attend church. He assailed those persons who interpreted the "freedom of worship" clause in the Constitution as meaning "that they did not have to worship God at all."

Religion is receiving judicial attention in Williamsport, Pa. One reads in an Associated Press account that: "Albert Hart, 41, has his choice of attending the Billy Sunday services every evening for two weeks or serving a jail sentence for assault and battery upon his wife. This sentence was imposed upon him by Alderman G. B. Allen." And in Greensburg, Pa., the crime-wave is flattened out in the same way: "Three youths, pleading guilty to entering a building with intent to commit a felony, were ordered by Dom, J., in the Criminal Court, to attend church and Sunday school regularly during the next two years."

Freedom for coal corporations in Alabama which get their digging done by convicts is assured by word from Birmingham that John George, 84-year-old Confederate veteran, has been put into the state-leased mine at Flat Top, to serve there a six-months' sentence for alleged moonshine operations. Flat Top is a gaseous mine, and John George will be free to breathe all the gas he likes during his stay.

Streets in Passaic, New Jersey, are now kept free from wine, women, and song. The councilmen there don't like music, and when mill strikers went about town singing about wanting more bread and butter the council passed an ordinance on the sixteenth of February prohibiting all persons from singing on the public thoroughfares. This includes "hymns and everything," the authorities have explained.



**HOW WILL THIS MUTE TYPE, DENIED FREE SPEECH,
REPLY IN THE HOUR OF REBELLION FOR
THE SILENCE OF CENTURIES?**

CAPITAL

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

I'm a poor and ignorant crittur,
 There's no denyin' that;
 So will you please, good business men,
 Come tell me where I'm at?
 This talk of economics
 Has got me all het up;
 I know as much about it
 As the oneriest pup.
 They say that Labor can't be used
 Without some Cap—i—tel:
 But does that mean the Man or Means?
 Will some one up and tell.

Somehow it seems to me, you know,
 That Cap—i—tel is but
 The things we use to produce with;
 —But then I'm such a mutt!
 I sorta thot that railroads, mines,
 Looms, woolen mills, and such,
 Along with hands, were Cap—i—tel
 That somehow got in "dutch."
 The land, my friends, is Cap—i—tel,
 For it produces wheat,
 Assisted by the kindly aid
 Of farmers' hands and feet.

The mines, it seems, are Cap—i—tel,
 For they produce the fuel,
 Abetted by the laborin' man
 And also the mule.
 The fact'ries too are in that class,
 Railroads and 'lectric lights,
 And telephones and telegraphs—
 No wonder there is fights!
 But what I'm aimin' at my friends,
 And wants to understand,
 Is, if the owners went away,
 COULD WE NOT USE THE LAND?

Or if the bosses left the mine
 WOULD WE NOT HAVE THE MINE?
 Or shook the railroads, phones and lights,
 WOULD THEY NOT STAY BEHIND?
 It seems to me when all is said,
 That all the ginks could take
 Would be the frosting, excess coin,
 While WE WOULD HAVE THE CAKE.
 The carving then would merely need
 Someone to wield the knife;
 Why hell! there'd be a bigger slice
 Of cake for kids and wife!

I'm asking then for god's sake why
 You cover when they say
 That if you strike they'll up and take
 Their cap—i—tel away?
 Their backs would have to sure be broad
 To lug off mills and trains;
 And as for gold—why let that be!—
 The REAL gold still remains.
 Sure Mike, we need the cap—i—tel
 For laborers and such,
 But don't confuse with capitalists
 Who merely have a clutch

On Cap—i—tel, and in themselves
 Are parasites on it . . .
 Why don't you have the guts to rise
 And order them to git?
 I'm a poor and ignorant crittur,
 There's no denyin' that,
 But I'll bet a nickel 'gainst a dime
 I've got the dope down pat;
 And if with all my ignorance
 I ferret out such stuff,
 Why don't you working stiffs help me
 To call their rotten bluff?





SWAN SONG

By FRANK HAGAN



AYLY flung as a white ribbon on a flower-printed frock of green winds the long valley road, bordered by pastures where dairy cows are grazing. It is springtime.

Strong winds are blowing from the hills, big and pure and free. Nature is glorying in her best mood. This the scarlet tanager seems to know as he vies with the blue jay for honors in winged beauty. Bob white and his mate, followed by their newly-hatched covey cross the road in stately file to hide themselves under a hedgerow. Nest-building robins are calling, interrupted by a staccato drumming. The woodpecker is busy high on a pole close by. From waving meadows of tender green, daisies, violets and wild roses lift up their pretty faces and feel the wind's caress.

A little wood stands to the west, labyrinthal in leafy coolness, against the late sun's flaming glory. Seeming loath to quit this lovely scene he drops slowly behind the world's edge showering a farewell gift of gold. It sifts between boughs, blossoms and leaves enriching the earth where shadows have lengthened. This charming peace, with fragrances, murmurs and colors commingles to animate joy of life, or rather a more passive state like some mystic soothing that holds with time no account, but is destined to go on forever.

From such a spell Joe Bates roused himself with an effort, moved his head from the pack on which it had rested, and sat upright. He noticed the nearness of twilight. He must hurry on, so drinking again at the spring in the grove where he had tarried he siezed his pack and took the road. As he swung along soft breezes soughed through elms and beeches like an evening hymn. With action in his limbs day-dreams vanished. He merrily

whistled improvised airs that startled the birds along the way, and a squirrel scampered off to eye the boy's figure suspiciously. Joe was happy with youth's unquestioning, undoubting happiness.

Youth! What a fine estate! Before it the vista of promising life. New joys on each horizon's rim; fresh treasures where every rainbow ends. Straight, strong bodies; minds innocent of care, cherishing a plethora of saving illusions. Frothy-sweet is life's cup at the brim, and here youth drinks. The cup is bitter only near its dregs. Age drinks this distillation of reminiscence and regret.

No marvel, then, that men nearing the dregs shrink. No wonder that they would cheat time and turn back the leaves in the book of existence. The fleshless finger beckons inexorably and our folklore is ever freighted with the anodyne witchery of magic pools wherein the aged may bathe to lose their burden of years and emerge virile, beautiful and young. De Leon's folly is writ on history's pages; Faust is immortal to literature because, broken by the weight of thought, ugly with the stigma of time he made his pact with Beelzebub, winning youth at the price of his soul.

Joe was eighteen, erect in posture, sanguine, full of a spirit to win to high places, to make his mark. His ears had been attuned to the words of our wise men, and his heart was light because he believed. It had opened to the inculcation of individual initiative as trustingly as the petals of a fresh jack rose for the dew's kiss. He was an American, thank God! A heritage in itself, to guard jealously, augmenting its treasures as did the good servant the lord's gift of talents. Anyone could multiply this gift in the sweet land of liberty.

Living on a farm all his life and feeling his father's house falling into poverty's decline the boy saw no inducement for his ambitious nature on the land. The farm was not paying. Each year matters grew worse. A mortgage on his father's broad acres was held by the bank in Hazlewood. Not that his father was either inefficient or lazy. No, he understood the business of farming and was tireless in his labors, but in the pit of the stock exchange gamblers were using him and thousands of his kind for pawns in grain futures. The "backbone of the middle class" was disintegrating, leaving their land by compulsion, to go cityward and join the factory hands.

Joe did not elect to remain with this failing yeomanry, sweating sixteen hours a day in the interests of bankers. If fail the farm must there was the city, an alluring chimera, whose siren call has ever gone to far fields, thrilling and irresistible to so many sturdy sons of the soil. To the city — symbol of opportunity — he was bound as we discovered him in the cool grove where he had paused to rest and to quench his thirst.

It was twenty-seven miles from his sire's mortgaged acres to the nearest city, a "metropolis" of a hundred thousand population. To Joe it seemed almost the largest place in the world on those two visits he had made in childhood. He was making the journey on foot because his father had opposed his departure and refused to advance train fare. Mothers are different. Stealthily she had pressed a few dollars into her boy's hands. But as he would need this sum getting started in Jonesboro he chose to walk to his Mecca.

Night had marshalled its velvety black forces under the trees by the time that Joe, climbing up the road to a high point, saw away below the myriad lights of this city of his dreams gleaming a welcome. The boy halted and drew a long breath. There lay the Promised Land right before his very eyes, tangible, pulsating, the hum of its life rising to him on the still air. It waited, fruitful, to present its benefactions to the "right-minded." And Joe was right-minded. He had just enough imagination and memory and faith to sustain him.

Had not the high priests and the low priests of American Success taught him, as they had taught millions of his penniless kind, that before the altar of their god one must appear with supreme confidence in the up-and-doing cult of making one's pile? Had they not urged assurances that earthly paradise must be the reward of him who practised good works? That meant first of all willingness to work hard, then determination to prosper, and finally an unflinching faith in the happy issue of the elect.

The cult had its saints; a railsplitter and a canal boy had overcome environment and become presidents. Newsboys and bootblacks, waiters, clerks and gandy-dancers had risen to millionaireshood. Let the lazy scoff, theirs were only loser's cries, the

despair of unworthiness. "At the top there is always room!"

Ardently believing, his being suffused with hope, the boy descended from the clean hills, coming presently to a place where the road merged into a blackened highway, flanked by factories, the stacks on several of them still belching smoke and sparks. He crossed some railroad tracks where a switching engine was energetically at work. Then he pushed on toward the labor market of the city. That night he slept the sleep of the just, the tired and the lamb-like in a cheap lodging-house bed neither so soft nor so clean as his own cot at home close to the eaves where doves nested.

Accustomed to rising early, Joe was up at five. "The early bird catches the worm," he thought as he dressed himself.

A few minutes later he was on the street. Very few workers were stirring. The hum of the city had not yet begun. On the cobblestones a milk wagon rumbled and the beats of the horse's hoofs rang out distinctly. The early sky was like lead and a light, chilling rain was falling. Had Joe known about employment agencies he might have waited a few hours and presented himself for sale on the labor mart. But being ignorant of the ministrations of job sharks he was aware of only one approach to the precious job. Straight to the factories he was going.

But he was very hungry. Into an ill-smelling restaurant he stepped, where he was served with some pancakes the like of which he had never known. They were burned outside and raw beneath. "Quick Lunch" was right! Washing the cakes down with strongly chicoried coffee he paid his bill, and felt equipped for his quest.

Trudging the rain-splashed streets, black with long-accumulated filth, he went across the city, over a bridge high above the railroad yards, and past some warehouses and factories whose doors were still closed. He had been traveling to the manufacturing district almost instinctively with no sense of discrimination between the motley industries. Then suddenly he remembered Harry Grover. Harry had gone to school with him, and he had lived on an adjoining farm. The lad had gone to Jonesboro two years before and found work in a rubber factory.

This seemed as good a clue as any. He might meet his friend. Joe did not stop to consider that there might be several plants manufacturing rubber goods in this city. He made inquiries. A sleepy-eyed night watchman, just ending his long vigil, informed him that there was a rubber factory about two miles away, straight ahead.

Hurrying on, Joe came to a low-lying marshland that stood between the main body of factories and a few scattered outfits farther on. Signs were stuck in this wasteland advertising real estate values for manufacturing sites. Beyond the

waste the land rose slightly, and as he drew nearer the boy saw a plant of several buildings the largest of which carried an inscription along its entire length: Consolidated Rubber Company.

There it was! He almost broke into a trot so eager was he to reach it. By this time workers were going toward this plant and others around it. Applicants for work at the Consolidated were lined up along a wall on a side street where the employment gate stood closed. For the most part they waited mutely, indisposed by the inclement morning and the spirit of competition from addressing one another. Those nearest the gate felt an advantage, while the others strung out in the line were envious.

Joe took his place at the line's end. Although it was not yet seven he was about Number 79 in the row. A few minutes passed and the watchman opened the gate. Immediately those nearest it began to push forward.

"Cut out that pushin'," yelled the watchman. "Yuh can't git in till the boss comes."

Someone timidly asked when the hiring would begin.

"'Bout seven the boss'll be comin' along," replied the keeper at the gate.

He had but one arm and one side of his face showed scars from a terrible burning. Indeed, the optic on that hapless side was missing. Yet he stood there like the proprietor of a landed estate in the presence of his serfs, and his remaining eye glared at the applicants.

Meanwhile, at the "Employee's Entrance" around the corner workers were swarming into the plant, and the time-clocks were being punched rapidly. Then the whistle blew.

Joe looked at the young man beside him and ventured:

"Wonder if they'll hire many?"

The one so addressed didn't know. Said that for several days he had been coming to this place looking for a job.

"Got a bum place in line this morning. It starts to form right after five."

Here was an "eye-opener" for the country youth. Urban dwelling humans were thought to be still slumbering at such an early hour.

"You ought to get on," Joe encouraged. "You've stuck to it."

"Maybe..... Anyway it's tough to be 'way down at this end today. Looks like they're going to do some hiring....."

"Don't they hire every day?" Joe wanted to know.

The other seeker thought this an odd question.

"Hell, no! Why until yesterday they've been hanging out a sign at six-thirty that no help'll be put on. There's no sign out now and it's after seven, so I figure they'll hire some."

A movement of the line, something tense in the

air, halted their conversation. The foreman had appeared to decide their fate.

Contrary to general expectation he did not choose those nearest the gate. Instead he paced the length of the line slowly and then made selections. The chosen ones were told to go inside the gate. Outwardly his choice did not seem to involve much critical inspection, but he did bring his discernment into play, and the company regarded him as an expert in hiring the "right" kind of men. His eyes fell swiftly on Joe. The inventory was almost instantaneously concluded. The boy's lucky star was with him.

"Go inside the gate and wait for me."

Now, Joe did not know that he was chosen because he looked quite strong, which in truth he certainly was. Neither did he understand that his youth stood in his favor. Subsequently he was to learn about this particular factor.

At the moment he went briskly inside the gate, like one of the saved entering the portals of paradise. Faith in success surged warmly through his veins. He was starting where all the national saints of America had started..... at the bottom. He would rise. He would work hard and keep the rules. Promotion would come. Had there been a strong sex urge in the lad he would probably have drifted in blissful wanderings of the mind to the happy land of soon-secured opulence and an early marriage with the boss's beautiful daughter. Tales of this pattern constitute no insignificant portion of the saccharine pabulum given to young Americans, and he errs who thinks that the stories are designed exclusively for bucolic consumption. In large cities and small cities public library shelves are lined with much-thumbed tomes of the Alger variety on whose sustenance lean sons of the tenements prepare themselves for leaner manhood, going it alone, bound to win their way on individual grit.

Joe was given an application blank by the foreman.

"Fill that out tonight and hand it in at the office in the morning," instructed the foreman.

"Yes, sir."

Then through the factory precincts to a department called the gas press room. Joe could have felt no prouder with a D.S.C. than he did at that moment with the application sheet. This questionnaire of his personal history and his opinions seemed like a commission to him. Everything was beginning so well.

Of all the processes contributing to the production of rubber articles in the Consolidated there was none so strenuous, so wearying as the work done in the gas press room. Be it further noted that there were no "snaps" in any of the departments of this neo-Taylorized industrial rapids. Everything was done at high speed and the flood of commodities

rushed swiftly on. "Speed" was the company's slogan. Speed was constantly preached to the workers. Only those conforming to its utmost requirements remained long on the payroll. Speed was exalted as a virtue; it was exacted as a business necessity. The workers were solemnly advised that their prosperity depended on speed. The department managers outdid one another in bringing "efficiency" to the nth degree. The foreman scratched out their hair trying to think up new ways to increase production. Of course the word "efficiency" was always used, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when bosses talk about industrial efficiency they are thinking in terms of rushing their employees a bit faster. This pervading motive was felt throughout, and the general superintendent of the Consolidated even dreamed about speed.

Thus Joe Bates fell into this maelstrom of the speed obsession where it whirled fastest. The gas press room was fairly dizzy with speed. It was one continual round of rapid motion, with only a single break during the day. At noon a period of fifteen minutes was set apart for lunch. The plant operated on a ten-hour basis.

There were no lost motions in the gas press room. The work was so arranged that every effort counted, and to waste any movement was equivalent to getting behind in one's work, with no opportunity of again catching up.

Joe's first impression of the room in which he was fated to spend so many long hours, was that it was uncomfortably hot. Along one side were ranged a number of presses, near the windows. These presses were operated by a hydraulic system controlled by turning valves.

The first day was comparatively easy. Joe was given a box on which to sit before another larger box containing cigarette holders that had not yet been through the vulcanizing process of the presses. They were rather rough and in their heated state adhered to each other. Joe separated them into individual pieces.

"This is only for today," the foreman told him. "Tomorrow you'll go on a press, so keep your eyes open on how it's done."

"Yes, sir," he replied promptly.

Thereafter he quite mechanically broke the soft stems apart, his eyes on the nearest pressman. This worker was about twenty-five years old, very active, working, in common with all the pressmen, with the precision of a good machine, speedy, rhythmic, true.

That night Joe filled out the application sheet in the lodging house, and being a novice in the industrial scheme he had no difficulty in giving accurate answers. He did not feel, as so many workers feel, resentment at the probing character of the sheet. It even wanted to know his mother's maiden name! Joe had worked only on a farm and had never belonged to a union. He very truthfully answered the question regarding his opinion of

unions that he did not believe in them. Also that he believed it his duty to report any other worker he should see acting at work in any manner injurious to the company's interest. And he meant that, too.

The next morning he handed the application to a clerk in the office, and proceeded to his work place. Here he was stationed beside a pressman and directed to assist him. As soon as Joe had mastered the operations well enough to handle the job he would be given a press.

The first operation was to smear long, wire pins with grease. Then these were run through the length of the rubber stems. The pins were quite hot so that the grease melted on them without the loss of time. Then the stems were placed in metal molds, twelve stems in each separate mold and twelve of these molds. The covers of these molds were almost exactly like the parts into which the rubber was placed. A mold ready for the press weighed forty pounds, and forty hot pounds. It was necessary to handle these molds with pads, but with all the care that Joe took to protect his untrained hands they were cruelly burned.

Every fifteen minutes a bell rang and that was a signal to reverse the valves. This opened the gas press. Then he would quickly remove the twelve hot molds, placing them on the metal table where he worked. As soon as the press was cleared he would throw in the other twelve molds ready for the process. A twist of the valves and the press was closed, automatically increasing the heat.

Then he was obliged to open the molds and remove the finished stems, pulling out the greased pins. This procedure was repeated over and over again, forty times a day. The temperature in the room was 120, everything he touched was hot, pins, molds, and the rubber after vulcanizing. The table on which these articles were prepared was heated by gas burning underneath.

For the first few days Joe's job seemed impossible to master. He was driven to the use of every ounce of reserve energy to stand the grind. In one ten-hour shift he was compelled to feed that press and to disgorge it of 38,400 pounds of hot metal! Over 19 tons, not to speak of the other operations, all of which were performed like "chain lightning," as one of the men put it.

At night this strong farm lad, used to hard work and willing to "hit the ball," was exhausted. He could scarcely drag his feet. His muscles ached, and he had hardly sufficient energy to eat. On the second day his wrists had begun to swell, and these he had bound. Normally interested in looking about at new scenes he now fought his way, uncaring, into the packed street cars each evening and soon enough, although it seemed an eternity, he would be prostrate on his cot, so tired that sleep came only after hours of anguished wakefulness.

After a few weeks he grew hardened to the

exactions of the treadmill. The man who had chosen him from the line as likely timber had not made a mistake. Joe was good material; he was gritty. He stuck to it. He meant to succeed. Already he had received two letters from home asking him to come back to help with the many tasks that were crowding his parents. But he had cast the die. He intended to make good where he was.

In July his stamina was pushed to the limit. The heat in the press room was terrific. The place was an inferno at 135 degrees, but the management would not grant a lay-off. The men were forced to keep on with the usual amount of production. By this time Joe's work was considered up to the standard required, and he was paid fifty-two cents an hour.

The hot spell passed at last. September brought relief, and autumn soon enough chilled into winter. And the speeding of the gas press room went on and on. One day was like the next, working to a state of near-exhaustion, pushing almost madly to climb aboard crowded street cars. Packed into their foul-smelling confines or hanging on at the platforms and steps. Sardines are arranged into cans in order; human beings in nearly all American cities during the rush hours are jammed in the transportation "systems" without even a pretense of order, and without the creature comfort accorded the lower animals in cattle cars.

Two years of this and Joe was eager for a change. He did not intend to leave his job. No he was still hopeful; he still had a chance to win to better station. But he did want something more than the humdrum, wearying routine, and he fell a victim to marriage.

Another year went by and he was a father. The little family lived in a very small cottage on the outskirts of Jonesboro. Life had its gentler hours now for the tired factory slave. But try as he might he could not "get ahead." There was always a lurking fear of a shut-down, or a slackening of the work and the economic hardships this would bring. But the factory ran steadily enough.

Then it came like a flash from clear skies: a notice was posted to the effect that a ten per cent wage reduction was to become general in all departments the following week. There was some talk of unfairness, and some of resistance. Those so convicted, or even suspected, were promptly discharged.

Joe's wife heard the bad news with her heart beating fast. She, too, had bad news. She was pregnant again.

The pay for the following week had ten per cent sliced from it as announced. There was an additional fault in Joe's, a small shortage. He told his foreman and was directed to the office to have it rectified. In the office he stood outside a plate glass partition at the pleasure of the paymaster.

This personage then called him inside. While stating his case Joe glanced through the open window at the paymaster's side.

Here was a part of the factory ground he had never seen before. It was a lovely spot. The company had gone other firms one better in providing pretty views faced by office windows. Consolidated Rubber had a lawn which sloped gently to a tiny lake. In the center of this was a little flower-grown island, and on the clear surface of the water swans were gracefully enjoying themselves. In the background rose a high wall entirely covered with ivy.

While the paymaster was figuring, Joe's thoughts went back to the years of his childhood and adolescence. He saw the fleet of white ducks on the pond at home and the sweet memory of the peaceful scene was like an unguent on the raw wound of life. The check matter adjusted, he looked again at the beautiful swans, so white and so cool on this hot June day, and then he went back to the press room.

From that time on he often thought of these swans. In the press room, the stinging sweat over his tortured body, fairly oozing from his course shoes, with the heat around 130, he would seize on the thought of the great, stately white swans so cool and so contented in their silvery lake.

On crowded street cars his mind went back to the swans. At night he began to dream of endless reaches of placid waters mirroring walls of green ivy, and swans everywhere.

Then for the first time he broke a rule of the company and went to that part of the property where he could watch the immaculate birds. He was seen and ordered back to his work and reprimanded, having missed his first "heat," as the fifteen-minute periods were called.

After the wage cut and the news of his wife's second pregnancy ambition seemed to quit his spirit, leaving him a disillusioned factory hand, just one of the millions of industrial slaves that serve the factory system without hope in their hearts, sodden, dispirited, resigned to the compulsion of their places as cogs in the scheme of things.

Day after day the monotony of his driven existence went on, and when he was hottest, weariest, he thought of the swans almost with the fierce yearning of one lost in a desert without water.

The image of that lake and its happy swans became an obsession with Joe. Overwork, marital worries, the devastation of hope's city in his heart were working curious changes in his mind. He began to be late in returning home from the plant. A habit was growing on him which he could not curb no matter how his wife scolded when he was late. Joe was sneaking on the forbidden ground after the shift was over to watch the swans.

July came and just before it sweltered into August the mercury in the gas press room marked 138. One of the men collapsed.

"He's been here too long," the foreman confided to Joe. "They are good for about eight years if they don't start too old. We never hire any over thirty."

And this was Joe's fate. A few more years and he would be too broken to keep up the pace..... He heard the bell, turned the valves, lifted out a dozen hot molds, forty pounds to each; swung up a like number and closed the press. Over and over again, more than 19 tons of hot metal handled by him every day.

The last "heat" came. The blast of the whistle ended his worst day. He punched the clock. Then across the yard to the swans. Over the lake shading maples watched their quiet images in the mirror below. Not a leaf stirred. But the swans were cool. Joe watched them.

Why was he doomed to endless labor in that stifling press room? Because he was a man. He had previously looked on the gliding birds with fondness. But now his head was hurting him. He wanted to plunge into the water, but he checked himself. Then he stood like a statue and reflected. He felt hopeless. He began to hate the swans. The emotion mounted. He began cursing at them, but they paid no heed. He looked about him on the grass for a stone. Back to the yard he ran to find some, and then, with his pockets filled and a missile in each hand he rushed back to the lakeside, hurling the stones as he ran, hurling them at the dignified swans. They glided in fright behind the little island.

Then began a race to hit them. Around and around the lake he ran, and around and around the island the birds swam.

In the office the superintendent was preparing to leave. He came near the windows on the side where the swans had their idyllic home.

"My God! What's up?" he shouted, rushing around to the door to stop this mischief.

"I'm going to kill 'em! I'm going to kill 'em," Joe was screaming, as he dashed around to get better aim at the swans.

The superintendent couldn't catch him. He called for help.

Three foremen, late with their reports, came running up. Together they managed to corner the culprit.

"Why it's Joe who works in the gas press room!" one exclaimed.

Joe was writhing to free himself.

"Are you crazy?" sternly demanded the superintendent. "What do you mean by throwing at those swans?"

"Swans, swans!" he yelled with fresh struggles to get away. "I hate those swans in their nice, cool lake. Hate 'em. Hate 'em!"

His captors realized his condition. They gripped him more firmly.

"Quiet, Joe, go easy," soothed the superintendent. "Get a hold on yourself and act like a man."

"A man!" screamed Joe, his face red and streaming sweat from his great exertions. "What the hell's the good of being a man? Huh?"

Then, resistance going out of his body, he sobbed, "I don't want to be a man. . . . Too hard, too hot. . . . I want to be a swan!"

They led him away sympathetically, and all the way to the psychopathic ward he kept muttering: "Beautiful swans, so beautiful..... so cool, so cool..... I want to be a swan. Do you hear me? I said I want to be a swan."

Recently the business manager has announced that the cost of publishing and mailing this magazine is 16 cents. With bundle orders selling at 12 cents a copy it can readily be seen that the loss is great. With increased circulation the cost per copy for production can be reduced, and in no other way. But while we are striving to build up the circulation the magazine must be made attractive and informative, and this costs money.

The will of our membership, expressed in the last General Convention, was that no paid advertising be taken by this magazine, and as nearly all periodicals depend very largely, and often almost entirely, on soliciting such advertising matter, we are at a disadvantage in this respect. The theory among us is that advertisers influence or control publication policies. However, we are not going to discuss the validity of this reasoning. It is sufficient to say that as we can not look elsewhere for the financial support required for the life and effectiveness of this magazine, we must depend squarely on our readers. And that is where we want to get support at all times.

No matter how much we dislike the fact it is none the less true that our magazine does not reach a larger number because most of the workers are still moron-minded, and we must build up steadily among those with intelligence to value our publications. You, who support this magazine are showing the way, breaking the trail, in truth, pioneering.

We urge that in your branch meetings that you consider the advisability of raising the price of bundle orders to 17 cents and singles to 25 cents a copy. Other labor magazines, that none of us think are anywhere nearly as good as the Pioneer charge 25 cents a copy. Take this matter up without delay and when you have reached your decisions write to the business manager. Let us meet our problems in a reasonable manner, and make provision for the self-sustenance of The Industrial Pioneer.

JAMES SULLIVAN

Jawbone Business

By HUBERT LANGEROCK



WE WERE on a railroad construction job on the desert. Torn tents, flies, fleas and all the rest of the insect population of an insanitary camp; long hours, alkali dust and poor water. Bathing and washing facilities were absent. On Sundays the men were too tired even to think of washing clothes and it was not long before the stock of entomological specimens in and around the camp increased in geometric ratio. Which is only a polite way of stating that the crew got lousy. Then providence appeared in the shape of a Chinese laundryman, a pioneer in his humble way. Out of some rocks and a few discarded pieces of corrugated iron, he rigged up what, for the location, was a fairly decent laundry establishment. But there was no money in camp and when the crew remained away from his place of business, he went after the trade in person.

"No money, John," came the doleful plea.

"Me savvee jawbone."

Now jawbone is western slang for credit and, on that basis, the celestial business man delivered his bundles and deferred his bills till payday. He had some system, though. He produced a little book and asked his customers to put down, themselves, their name with the amount of their indebtedness.

One practical joker wrote down: Theodore Roosevelt. Others took the hint and, pretty soon Lincoln and Jefferson and Washington and many more historical names were on the Chinaman's ledger.

When the paymaster made camp for the first time, the laundryman was there and produced his book.

"Very distinguished customers, indeed," stated the paymaster, "but how do you expect to collect?"

The Asiatic failed to understand but, with the stoicism of his race, announced:

"No mo' savvee jawbone."

Thus the camp once more became an ideal place for an expert entomologist to carry on his studies in insect lore. It was alive, it fairly moved; men refused to stay, they came and went in a steady stream. Jawbone had ruined the camp.

Symbolical of Country's Plight

In the course of the last year, I have often thought of this true story. To me it has become almost symbolical of the plight which this country will be facing pretty soon with its huge increase of installment buying and selling.

Last year installment sales amounted to a gross total of five billion dollars, one-twelfth of the national income.

Is this credit business making ready for the working class a terrible day of reckoning? Is jawbone liable to ruin this country as it ruined our camp in the desert?

For the workers, credit buying has, in the past, assumed a character which it would be silly to overlook or forget. In the East, there were credit men selling, especially to immigrants, those "phony" luxuries which, to the newcomers, meant America. The inner truth of the whole matter was that they did not intend to sell at all. No

honest attempts were ever made to collect installments, when due. The merchants stood in with the justice courts and, after a few payments, they got back their goods on a writ of replevin and tried the trick on another greenhorn.

As Viewed By British Employers

Those were small swindlers but there also were and still are more respectable fakers. In the sale of houses on the installment plan, in the sale of industrial insurance, the bulk of the profits do not come through a completed sale but through what are called lapses which means the inability of the buyer to live up to his contract with the resulting loss of all his previous payments.

Some real estate men have sold a cottage ten times and they still have it in their possession. The friendly judge always forecloses the deal as soon as illness or unemployment or any other of the economic upheavals of a speculative age cut off the worker's income and the more the buyers lost their payments the louder the kept press kept on shrieking: "Own your home, it is just as easy to buy a home as to pay rent."

And, in spite of these lessons, during the last two or three years, installment buying assumed such a huge volume as to become a characteristic feature of American life.

A commission of the Federation of British Industries recently visited the U. S. and, in its report, it pointed out how the post-war depression had been largely overcome, on this side of the Atlantic, by trusting the people, extending liberal credit and financing installment purchases.

In the February Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Pond, whose splendid studies on the evils of standardization form such a vivid contribution to the study of the machine process, that many industrial unionists will readily remember his name and work,

warns us on sound economic grounds, of the undeniable dangers of such a course.

Installment buying has taken recently such huge proportions that it has made necessary the creation of an entirely new economic mechanism to handle this particular situation.

Open any magazine of bourgeois or middle class appeal and hundreds of opportunities to buy nearly everything under the sun, on credit, with little or nothing down, stare you in the face. The buyer promises to pay so much a month and, quite frequently, signs promissory notes to that effect. The seller cannot afford to wait until the notes become due to get his money. His profits are depending upon the number of times that he turns over his working capital. So, he offers the notes to a bank, but banks refuse to deal in long time paper. Ninety days is generally their limit.

Therefore a new middleman or intermediate concern springs up, the discounting or financial company. It buys the seller's paper and re-discounts it at the bank. For every four dollars which it borrows from the bank it uses generally one dollar of its own.

So numerous have those new concerns become in the last two or three years that they have founded a national association with a present membership of six hundred companies and many eligible corporations not joining.

Their earnings may be surmised from the 1925 figures for automobiles sold on installment credit. A total of \$1,020,000,000 of cars was sold and the volume of credit extended on those sales was \$1-280,000,000. The difference between the two figures represents the profit of the discounting concerns for the single item of motor cars. The rate of discount of those financing concerns is usually from 2 to 3 p. c. above the going bank rate.

So large have the profits of those new middlemen become that the usual thing has happened. The larger concerns are getting ready to kill the smaller profiteers in order to grab their winnings themselves. Negotiations are being carried on right now as a result of which, automobile manufacturing corporations will become more of a financial institution and discount their own installment notes instead of selling them to a financing company.

How and to what extent does this new economic condition affect the workers?

The success of installment buying is largely due to the false social philosophy which the A. F. of L. has inculcated into the American workers.

Aping The Middle Class Is Wrong

The crime of the A. F. of L. is not so much its structural inefficiency nor the inner circle of professionals who use the organization to sell out the American workers like cattle in the market of the false social philosophy which it is presenting to the workers of this country, as a social ideal, the desirability of becoming a pale and flabby imitation of the middle class instead of a new and

definite social type proudly rising on its own merits and with its own characteristics.

The motto of the middle class is: "We are what we appear to be." So the A. F. of L. craftsman, like the middle class neighbor whom he is aping, feels uncomfortable when the man next door begins to sport something bought on credit and, not to be outdone, he buys the same thing by the same method. Many a working girl, instead of joining a real union to improve her working conditions, tries to achieve a measure of individual success by the ownership of a suitable wardrobe that she can only afford, if at all, on the deferred payment plan.

Any time the worker who is ignorant of the teachings of class-consciousness discounts his future earnings and obligates himself to pay for questionable luxuries, he paralyzes his economic action as a worker and delivers himself into self-imposed peonage. As soon as he goes into debt, gone is also his militancy and his peace of mind and, even, the efficiency as a producer upon which he relies to hold his job.

It is a high price to pay for the questionable privilege of being taken by a few simpletons for a hundred per cent denizen of Main Street.

Elementary economics will teach one the difference between the acquisition of an improved tool on the hire-purchase plan and the buying of luxuries. The improved tool can be paid for out of its own earnings. But the largest volume of installment buying is done in goods which show a high depreciation in a short time and offer no returns whatever to their buyers.

That the resulting situation offers grave dangers for the economic and financial condition of the nation at large is admitted by the leading bankers themselves. They called a special meeting in Chicago last December and adopted certain rules to regulate the installment business, but the competition between credit concerns caused those rules to be disregarded.

The situation is becoming positively dangerous. There are many applications for delays in meeting installments and more broken agreements in which partly paid articles are replevined by the sellers. The National Retail owners and the National Hardware Association have recently become vocal to the extent of asserting that the middle class and the craftsmen who ape it are cutting down on essentials in order to be able to pay for luxuries.

The national officers of the Typographical Union admit the existence of such a condition, as far as their membership is concerned.

Methods Productive of Panics

There exists only one logical conclusion to such a situation and it is called a panic. The deep-seated cause of a panic is the compulsory underconsumption of the workers whose wage cannot buy back the commodities which they produce, but the immediate cause of a panic is generally the over-expansion of credit created in a frantic effort

to dispose of the mass of commodities which the workers have created but cannot buy back with their wages.

Installment buying may look rather inoffensive when money is easy, but what of it when money becomes tight?

With the huge amount of outstanding debts created by installment buying, a panic would strike the middle class and the craftsmen harder than ever before.

In the past, the proletarian who was able to survive physically the sufferings of a crisis found himself, as soon as conditions began to improve, with the full and untrammelled enjoyment of all what he was able to earn in the shape of wages. Not so the middle class and the craftsmen. They had a local standing, perhaps a partly paid for home, they could get credit and it took them nearly half way in the direction of the next panic before they were able to get clear of the indebtedness contracted to outlive the previous one. That was one of the causes why, in the past, middle class people, real and imitation, hated the hobo so cordially. If a panic strikes in the near future, craftsmen and middle class will have to settle for that average five billion of credit goods besides their subsistence debts before they will be square with the world.

If the recurring economic cycle leads to a panic in the near future, we shall once more witness the growth of a bourgeois reform party. The basis of petty bourgeois reformism is always debt. The reformer is but a would-be capitalist who wants to use political action to get rid of some of his debts. The free silver craze of 1896 was not based upon an even rudimentary understanding of the theory of bimetallism. Free silver to most of its votaries meant a legal trick to get rid of most of the indebtedness contracted during the panic of 1893.

It needs no demonstration to prove that such a huge mass of credit, as that which is now outstanding, could not be established without a considerable relaxation of the usual credit requirements. A salesman endowed with a modicum of common sense realizes that he need not lie awake at night figuring out how to break what he calls sales resistance. It is much easier and just as safe to take a long chance. In fact, he takes a good many long chances. I am satisfied that the facility of getting goods on credit has created a small army of deliberate swindlers. Easy installment buying has been a contributing factor in the spreading increase in criminality.

Before the installment boom, bad payers, known as "skips," were estimated at 7 per cent of the total of time buyers. In three years their number has almost doubled. It reaches now nearly 14 per cent of the total of sales. Dodging the installment collector is becoming a new sport and the skips have provided the vaudeville actors with a new source of jokes.

Clever Youth Slips Something Over

Recently, in a large city on the Pacific Coast, a clever young man got wise to the fact that the investigators for the credit houses had adopted the rule to approve all applications for credit entered by people who owned their furniture. So he bought thirteen dollars and fifteen cent's worth of second hand furniture and made application for credit to an even dozen of clothing houses. Each one provided him with a suit of clothes and an overcoat upon the statement of his landlord that he was renting an unfurnished apartment. Then he skipped but he did not leave town. He appeared before the secretary of the Retail Clothing Men's Association, introduced himself as the only genuine 100 per cent skiptracer and was employed at once. The first batch of skips that was handed to him for investigation consisted largely of his own aliases. He was paid five dollars a day to look for himself and fired for inefficiency when he failed to locate himself inside of thirty days.

Skips on automobile sales can not fail to be numerous since the machine itself provides an excellent vehicle to dodge the collector.

The conscious industrial proletarian is no reformer, he is a revolutionist. When class consciousness keeps him from the prevailing craze of installment buying, it saves him dollars and cents and, in another wider sense, endows him with a larger probability of survival generated by the rational husbanding of his energy.

From a social point of outlook, the commodities generally bartered in credit selling fail to appeal to the industrial proletarian as strongly as they do to the middle class and its imitators within the ranks of labor.

A Word on the Artistic

The craze for flying over the country with such a speed that one has no chance to take a decent look at the landscape, the more or less artistic reproduction of music by mechanical means, the canned jazz of the radio and phonograph fail to captivate the mind of the proletarian to any great extent.

Such devices transform him too much into a passive spectator. The function of art is relaxation from the strain of the productive process in his case and, as he emerges into a definite social type through the teachings and practice of revolutionary industrial unionism, he shall establish his own formulas of art and beauty.

Art to him will become social, it will rest him by providing an outlet for those of his faculties which the machine process leaves dormant. Social art will provide a wholesome emotion in which the proletarian will become an active participant.

The class-conscious proletarian will be of a finer and higher moral type than the would-be bourgeois who likes to show his contempt for a mere pedestrian by deliberately knocking him down with a partly paid for automobile.



NOWHERE TO GO

This Little Girl's Father Struck Four Years. Strike Lost. No Food or Money Left. She is Wearing Cast-off Boy's Clothes Sent by Sympathizers

THERE is no country in which industrial development has been so swift and so spectacular as in this sweet land of liberty with reservations. For these reasons the United States offers among its many widely advertised opportunities a really matchless chance for studying class warfare concomitant with unique capitalist expansion. If you were to take an outline map of this country and mark with rings of red the locations of its fiercest industrial battles the blood-mottled relief would be startling.

Over West Virginia's coal fields you could throw a large stain to stand for a regime of company terrorism seldom equalled in the vicious annals of bourgeois bloodshed and abrogation of human rights. Industrial feudalism is not new to coal districts, but is a yoke that uniformly oppresses the miners wherever they have failed to make a united stand in their own interests, or where their fight has met with failure.

In 1921 the whole country was amazed by accounts of thousands of miners mobilizing in Marmot, Kanawha County, West

The Lesson c

By GE

Photographs taken in Powell Creek
Boone County and Printed he

Virginia for the aid of their union fellow workers desperately battling in Mingo County, 65 miles distant, against the operators' reign of terror. On the mountain roads these marching miners were opposed by an army of company gunmen, who used bombs, gas and machine guns. The union men put up a good fight, capturing both machine guns and finks in many skirmishes. Their act was an outstanding exhibition of solidarity with rare courage and military strategy to recommend it.

But even at that time the miners said one fact more than any other explained their inability to win against the bosses. The union railroaders kept hauling scab coal. Solidarity of labor has often been shown by the miners, though its natural gestures have been bound because of the Lewis machine, but solidarity of labor to the sixteen separated railroad unions is meaningless. They do not give each other solidarity and they have been consistently at the service of their masters, no matter what the effect on miners or other groups of workers.

Last month we witnessed another disastrous retreat by the miners of West Virginia, when the U. M. W. of A. international office called off a four-year and two-year strike involving 15,000 workers and their dependents. They had been receiving a semi-monthly relief of \$1.50 a person. Now they have been advised to secure what jobs they can.

The strikers have been living in tents and such ramshackle quar-



THE KIND OF SH

Log Cabin Home of Elmer Mitchel, Ck

West Virginia

PUTNAM

nt Colony, near Little Coal River in
y courtesy of the Federated Press

ters as are shown in the photographs accompanying this account. The scene of the conflict is along the Little and Big Coal rivers, on the Paint and Cabin creeks, and on other tributaries of the Kanawha. The operators evicted the workers from company property long ago, and hardships beggaring description have been endured.

Although it is a fact not obscure even to fakery like John Lewis that aggressiveness is essential to working class victory, and that folded arms would not avail against the guns of company murderers who systematically launched bloody expeditions on the miners' homes and persons, the tactics formerly used in West Virginia were stopped. This weakened the miners. It prevented adequate defense and offense by which to smash the teeth of company thugery. Kill the militant spirit of a union and its power to achieve working class good is killed. The Lewis act in this matter placed the miners at the mercy of coal company gunmen who were responsible only to law administered by the judicial hirelings of the coal operators.

With regard to the railroad workers: again they failed to come to the miners' assistance continuing through-out to haul the coal mined by scabs. And until there is effected a solidarity between these bodies of workers, miners and railroaders, whose strategic advantage is so great, the operators will have comparatively clear sailing. The lesson of England,



NO COLOR LINE HERE

White and Black Workers Stood Together For Their
Common Cause

where fear of united action by transportation workers to assist the miners caused the powerful British government to subsidize the miners, insuring the the wage level demanded, should be learned in America.

Dragging out the strike over such long periods, while giving evidence of determination, results disastrously because times of strike are times of great sacrifice and intense suffering for the workers. To subject them to such drains on energy and spirit is unwise as a method of class struggle. The employers can endure protracted conflicts much better as their lives, if not their profits, are secure. Short, powerful strikes recruiting the maximum of solidarity are more effective. Even threatened solidarity often secures demands.

West Virginia conditions steadily worsen. The workers have suffered severely, but their spirit of revolt is not dead. In time it will again blazon oppression's night that marshals under the dark wings of corporate greed, such as United States Steel.



MINERS LIVE IN
near Striker. He Has a Wife and Seven



Editorials

ANTHRACITE STRIKE FAILURE. — Examination of the provisions in the agreement accepted by the Lewis machine to end the strike of hard coal miners in Pennsylvania reveals sweeping defeat, the more galling in that it calls upon the miners after the long struggle from September until February dumbly to acquiesce in their own betrayal for a period of five years. That, practically, is what the covenant requires. The whole scheme of treachery suited the operators, and after the usual barrage of newspaper lies and villification, including the works of allied agencies of capitalist misinformation directed to the strikers' undoing, a priest blessed the settlement with encomiums for Lewis at the hand-picked Scranton convention in which the agreement was railroaded upon the workers.

At the outset, to many at any rate, prospects for victory by 158,000 workers in this basic industry seemed very bright. On the miners' side was an inspiring solidarity. The operators made no attempt to run the collieries. Yet defeat was the miners' fate. When unorganized or only partially organized workers lose strikes it is easy to understand their failure. And it is not difficult to grasp the reasons for loss of strikes involving workers untrained to protest and without union resources.

But in the anthracite strike we found an organized body of men possessed of great numerical strength, with a wealth of actual experience in contests against their employers, and backed by a large union treasury. Why then, with so many powerful factors in favor of their chances to triumph, did this host of strategically placed workers lose so completely?

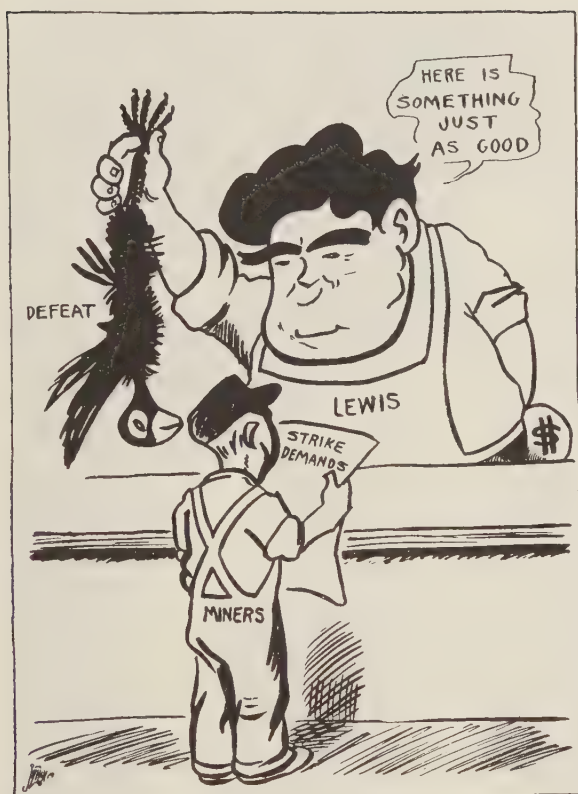
The Hearst publications oracle, Brisbane, comments didactically on the inglorious

termination, suggesting that the miners should have employed counsel before pursuing a strike policy. He said that no great corporation embarks on any important course without receiving the expert advice of the most astute legal minds. Let us suppose that an honest, informed, intelligent opinion could have been secured and used for the miners' guidance, what would the counsel have been?

Simply that as trade unionism is obsolete as a weapon against employing class industrial concentration, so, too, district division among mine workers foredooms them to failure when opposing the hegemony of mine operators. To illustrate: when one district of miners strike, or a single branch of the industry, the operators in other districts intensify production to supply the demand for coal. This method is common to all other great industries, and in the 1919 steel strike it was recognized that all plants must be struck so that transfer of orders could not be effected. Were the mine workers grouped in autonomous bodies bounded by districts their tactics, however futile, might be consistent. But they are united in a union embracing hundreds of thousands of members in Canada and the United States with general headquarters.

Their experience has been that strike settlements by districts are disastrous, just as the prosecution of strikes in that manner precludes possibility of victory. Entering the anthracite strike they should have made it as general as their entire membership, and they should have called on transportation workers for support. Fighting in that formation how could they lose?

Instead, a part of the miners strike, the majority continue to dig coal, while transportation workers haul whatever coal is



needed to fill the bosses' orders. The result is never in doubt, and it is a crime against the fine courage of the striking miners to send them before industrially organized operators a regiment or a division at a time.

ANOTHER DEPORTATION FRENZY. — Purporting to be engaged in an effort for ridding this country of foreign-born gunmen and other unnaturalized persons occupied with illegal pursuits, the Immigration Office of the Labor Department has instigated a campaign to corral these "undesirables" and deport them to the lands of their birth. Newspapers in a number of cities are taking up the hue and cry, with Chicago in the lead. The paladins of good citizenship, who think that only the gunmen on company payrolls employed for intimidating labor and breaking strikes should be encouraged, are making a noisy pretense that they want to see our fair shores cleansed of gun-toting foreigners who act on their own initiative.

This propaganda is in line with other

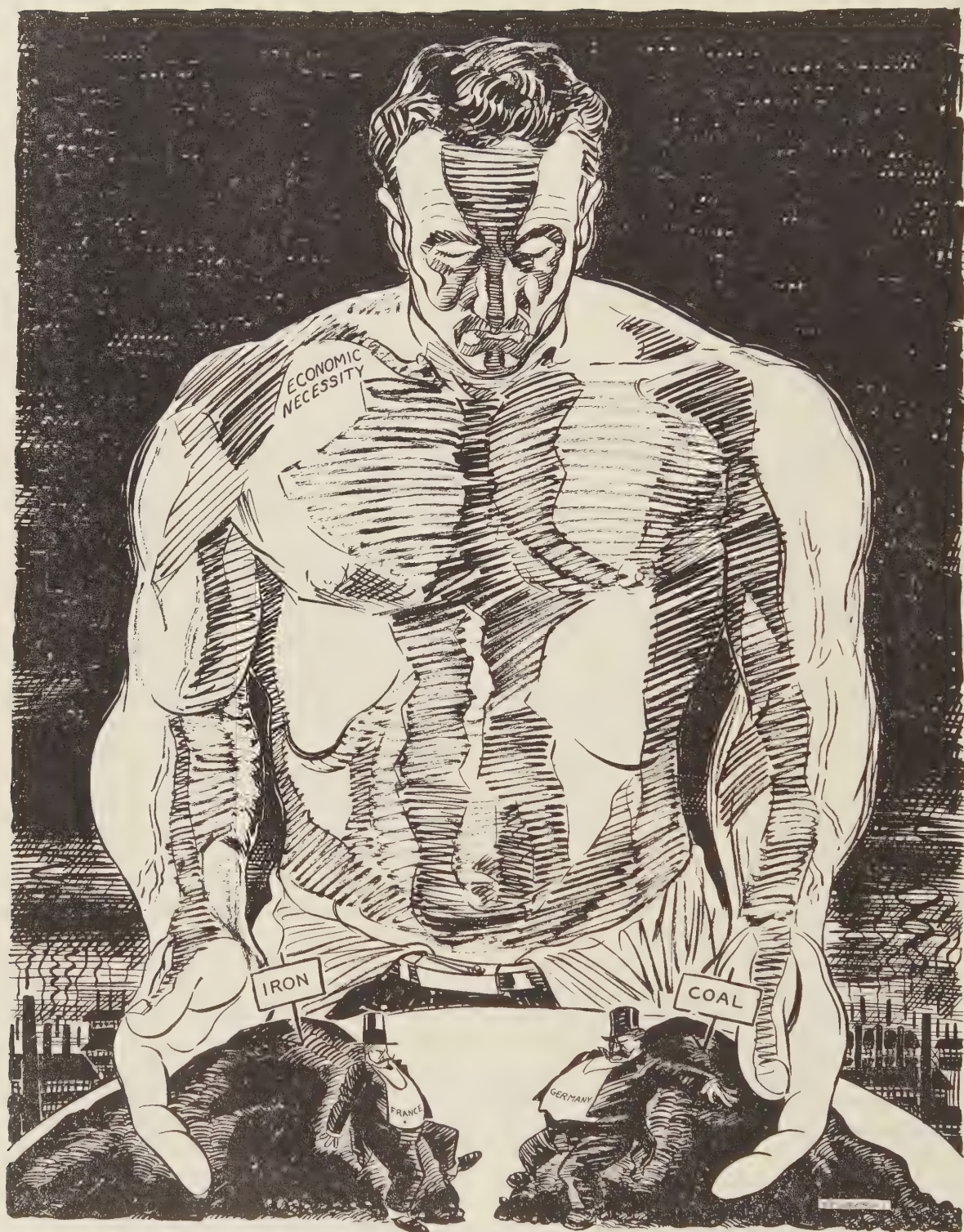
policies that have been advocated by the president and the Labor Department head, such as finger print registration of all foreign-born. Here is surveillance with a vengeance in the interests of American monopolists. It is a fact that labor organization in steel plants, packing houses, mines and other important industries rests squarely on the problem of unionizing the foreign-born workers. With finger print supervision these workers will be discouraged from organizing because they fear deportation. The press is psychologizing the Scissorbillica so that they will regard all foreign-born workers as dangerous to "the peace and dignity of the state."

All of this activity seems to be paving the way for deportations of radicals on a larger scale than ever before, and a consequent blow at labor organization. The only effective answer to this onslaught is increased industrial unionism. That is what employers fear more than anything else.

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS."—This was the grim-lipped oath sworn by the French at Verdun, so we were thrillingly advised during the late unpleasantness abroad. To make good this vow over a hundred thousand French wage slaves, in uniforms of course, lost their lives; to smash that Gallic resistance about four hundred thousand Teutonic wage slaves, likewise in uniform but of another color, were murdered. Half a million fatalities at this particular shambles.

Today the capitalists of both countries pass as they please and are on very fraternal terms in the slight matter of exploiting the working classes of Germany and France. This applies prominently to steel, coal, iron, coke and potash production. Referring to an understanding between German and French monopolists in the latter commodity Monsieur le Cornec, director general of the Societe Commerciale des Potasses d'Alsace reminds his colleagues that:

"One value of the pact must be emphasized. It lies in insurance against labor troubles. If the German potash workers go on strike, there will always be the



French supply to fall back on and thus there can not be a potash shortage."

Here is a plain statement of policy revealing the practicability of business com-

bination on an international basis. It amounts to an industrial unionism of these French and German employers, and the slaves that they are so thoroughly robbing

can not stop the encroachments nor win to a better level of existence unless they adopt the same tactics, industrial organization without respect to geographical cleavages and political boundaries. That must be their reply to those who so confidently expect to use them against each other in times of strikes.

LUMBER WORKERS' CONFERENCE. —

At Portland, Oregon, on April 1st Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 goes into conference to consider the problems of organization with which the workers are confronted. It is a fact that through I. W. W. organization, conditions in the woods were made immeasurably better, especially by the 1917 strike.

But many blows have been leveled at the I. W. W. in this industry, among the worst being a vicious blacklist system and the introduction of piece work. Doubtlessly the Portland Conference will seek methods to circumvent the former, and to abolish the latter. In this connection it is opportune again to point out that William R. Langdon, American consul at Antung, China, recently made a report to the United States Commerce Department containing these words: "The enterprise of Pacific Coast lumber manufacturers and cheap water transportation across the Pacific have closed all the 23 sawmills in Antung."

We have heard a lot about coolie labor, haven't we? But here is very eloquent proof that the workers of the Pacific Coast woods are more profitable than Orientals, so much more profitable that the latter can not compete with them.

Several years ago the writer, while making a study of hours of labor in the whole lumber industry, came across complaints from Japanese lumber interests that they were having the greatest difficulty competing with American lumber companies because of the advantage the gyppo system brought to the latter.

It may also be remarked, incidentally, that my investigation of hours worked in the American lumber industry showed posi-

tively that in the states where the I. W. W. had effected greatest organization, hours, and all other aspects were better for the workers than in states where the organization had been unable to make much progress. A similar study in any industry will show the same facts: where unionism is strong wages are relatively higher, hours of labor fewer and conditions generally improved over those prevailing where organization is either weak or non-existent.

Therefore, we look hopefully to the deliberations at Portland for tactics which will bring a revival of the great fighting spirit that challenged industrial tyranny in lumbering and forced from the criminal employers so many of the requirements to a higher standard of living for lumber workers. Nothing but I. W. W. organization ever got these workers anything worth while in the years that have passed; only the lack of I. W. W. organization is responsible for bad conditions now prevailing in the camps; and the I. W. W. is the only power big enough and militant enough to bring the lumbering situation to a successful issue for the workers when they recognize the tremendous power of this industrial union weapon. More power to L. W. I. U. No. 120, and to the Portland Conference!

TELL THEM THE TRUTH. — Trade unionism's first appearance in the drama of American class warfare aroused the hyena howls of a judiciary groveling at the feet of its masters. Anxious to serve the rising capitalists this slimiest agency of the bourgeoisie branded exponents of the new economic associations of workers conspirators. To unite for the purpose of raising wages or effecting other changes in the conditions of their employment was criminal; the unions were illegal combines, and their members outlaws.

But economic pressure forced the outlaw unionists to persevere. A long struggle followed and defiance against the black-gowned damnation won for the workers the right to organize. However, history has many evidences of reformed outlaws

and in time a degree of respectability was attributed to the erstwhile law-breakers, which contemporary trade union leaders are so eager to preserve that they prostitute themselves in many ways for the gratification of modern employers.

Trade union officials grow hoarse repeating that the aims of their organizations are patriotic; that they are "safe and sane;" that they stand in four-square opposition to "radicalism." During the late war, with nationalistic piety they handed over many an unwelcome "red" member of their ranks to the tender mercies of the secular arm.

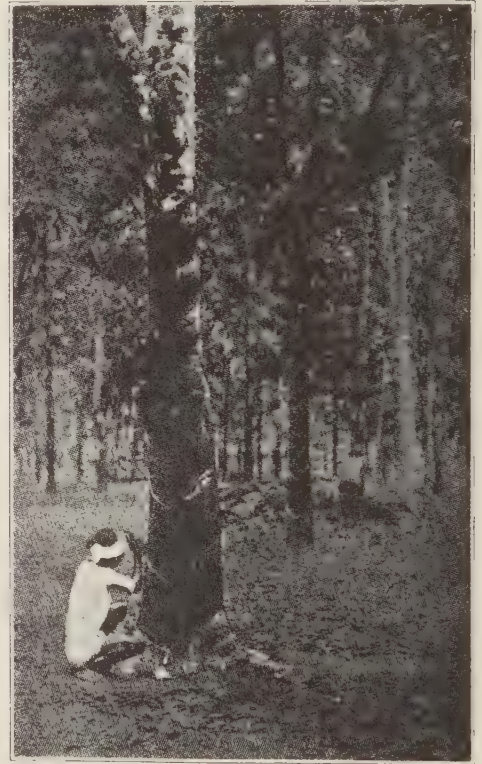
Having failed to understand the real meaning of a labor movement confronted by the unfolding of capitalist imperialism they remain isolated from the class conscious hosts of wage slaves throughout the world. And in conflicts against a phalanx of economically united bosses they are predestined to defeat because the use of obsolete methods in these contests is like trying to beat "Big Berthas" and machine guns with cross-bows and flintlocks.

Our business is to propagate the truth among workers, convincing them of their class position in society and of the fact that they have a class mission to accomplish, namely, their self-deliverance from wage slavery. If the labor movement is to advance it can stand for nothing less and one has a narrow vision, indeed, who can compass no more than a living wage just in front of his nose like a bag of oats on the pedlar's broken-down nag. Draft horses, oxen and other beasts of burden are given enough on which to live. The working class, capable of producing all the wealth of this world, and able to create infinitely more when rid of its parasites must surely aspire to finer heights than a modicum of animal comfort, gained only after most unremitting drudgery.

ON THE RUBBER TRAIL.—Newspapers of this country have given widespread publicity to complaints against Britain's practical monopoly of the world's rubber market. Eastern Asia's rubber growing area comprises about 4,000,000 acres under

British control, with a valuation of approximately £700,000,000. Large automobile manufacturing concerns in the United States, heavily interested in the purchase of rubber, are responsible for the press propaganda.

This becomes easily understandable by their latest plan through which seven lead-



ing industrialists of prominent motors corporations have formed an organization committee to gain control of lands specially suited to rubber production. They anticipate buying up all small organizations outside of British control. The firms with members composing the land-buying nucleus are General Motors, Mack Truck, Nash Motors, Dodge Brothers, Packard and Studebaker. Purchases are to be made of lands in Sumatra, the Philippines and Brazil.

Meanwhile the cost of rubber goods has taken a sharp rise, and the following should be interesting:

"There is about ten pounds of crude rubber in the average standard tire. The British rubber control has advanced the average price of that crude rubber about fifty cents a pound.

That accounts for a \$5 advance in the cost of making a tire. But a thirty-three by six Goodrich balloon tire and tube, which cost \$30 before the British advance now costs \$54, or an increase to the American buyer of \$24. We have found that the Englishman got the \$5, but who got the other \$19?"—Thus Representative Shallenberger, answering Secretary Hoover's charge that government protected foreign monopolies were the chief offenders in raising crude rubber prices. And he undertakes to answer his own question: "The big tire companies all show the greatest net profits for 1925 of any year in their history. The Fisk Company more than doubled their previous profits; Goodrich netted \$15,000,000; Firestone earned 26 per cent." And he adds, "It seems to me that instead of investigating English rubber, we had better get after the American tire manufacturer."

Watching developments of this latest movement of Dollarica business expansion is sure to be an engrossing pastime, and Filipino nationalists should regard it as a blow to their aspirations for political independence. The sinews of industry are binding the islands more firmly to American imperialism.

NEWSPAPERS AND PASSAIC.—With all their scheming together the capitalists sometimes let their wires get crossed, and the Passaic situation furnishes us with the sound of jarring notes among the parasites. Mill owners and those who possess the ordinary daily liars are both employers, both beneficiaries of the profit system. As such they should harmonize when workers go on strike, and, of course they almost invariably do so. But their policemen sometimes whack the wrong heads, and then we see bourgeois papers indignant over the matter of police brutality.

The club-invested town clowns of Passaic upset an automobile in which newspaper photographers were riding, breaking their cameras and molesting some of the reporters. This excessive indulgence of the policemen's love of anarchy should have been checked by the textile exploiters. The result was that a number of papers, among them the New York WORLD, commented editorially on police inhumanity,

and in the exposure were drawn into depicting what the law was doing to the strikers. By this police indiscretion a very large number of workers were made aware of what was going on in Passaic, where the mill slaves are striking for the right to exist at least as securely as other beasts of burden.

When exploiters fall out workers gain. It reminds one of the Italian censorship. American newspapers generally did not regard Mussolini's drastic methods fit subject for adverse criticism until his machine began to pinch the American newspaper men. Then the papers affected set us a loud wail. Dictatorship was represented as having very objectionable parts.

Likewise, in Passaic it was not so very wrong, in the opinion of the bourgeois rags, for the woolen companies to resort to any means, no matter how outrageous, for suppressing the strike, but the **modus operandi** suddenly assumed villainous proportions when newspaper representatives and newspaper property were attacked. The moral to draw from this is: Buy I. W. W. papers and get the truth about the working class movement all of the time.



LEARN TO SPEAK, TO AGITATE,
TO ORGANIZE YOUR FELLOW
WORKERS!

Craft Form Versus The I.W.W.

By J. A. VAN DILMAN



"Bring To Me the Wealth of the
World, and I'll Give You Just
Enough Wages to Exist on,"
Says the Capitalist, and the
Ignorant, Disorganized
Workers Suffer and
Die to Obey Him



THE I. W. W. is a revolutionary, international, working class union which avoids confusing issues by recognizing no enemy but the exploiting class; no binding interests but those of toilers united for action by industrial alignment.

Craft form of unionism once effective in enforcing demands on isolated employers is no longer fitted to cope with a master class that swayed neither by prejudice nor sentiment detrimental to its material interests proceeds with infinite care to perfect what its miseducators so assiduously sneer down among us, namely, a one big union of "its" own breed.

Craft organization is to all practical purposes so dead as to stand in need of immediate burial before its rottenness disgusts to the point of revulsion. Witness for instance the spectacle of one great railway brotherhood degenerating into a banking institution and worse; into a direct exploiter of labor so unfair in its tactics as to draw venomous fire in convention from an affiliated body whose rights it trampled in the mire as ruthlessly as any frankly capitalistic master might do.

The history of this conservative form is replete with class collaboration, policies inconsistent with labor's aims, contracts conflicting as well as useless, jurisdictional disputes and outright scabbery to qualify for job control by encouraging confidence not of its membership or of the workers as a whole but of masters whose interests it more than half consciously serves.

In spite of all this or rather "because" of reactionary conservatism, its strength is but fictitious and incapable of withstanding vigorous onslaught when the ungrateful beast it seeks to pamper, turns to rend unit by unit its various battalions. A craft strike is pitiful in that the often heroic resistance

of its rank and file usually winds up in compromise detrimental to them by leaders who have much to gain from skilful manipulation of conflicting interests. Its continued existence is permitted only through the ignorance of workers who cannot conceive the existence of a "class struggle" nor their unavoidable position in it. Craft form will have proven, once the final chapter is written, harmful more than useless to Labor's progress, since it not only blinds the latter to its own potential strength but in desperation to survive its day of usefulness strives openly to antagonize workers toward the only method able to combat capital on terms that promise eventual success. In other words it is a pretty toy still retaining in some of its phases a semblance of utility, but one which prevents its users from grasping the powerful bludgeon of revolutionary industrial unionism which bases its hope on solidarity of the workers, opposed to capitalist forces in distinctly drawn battle lines, thus preventing confusion which under craft union guidance throws us into a slavery contemptible because so unnecessary.

Even those blinded by mistaken self-interest should not fail to grasp the significance of a master class hatred vented so openly on the I. W. W. as to disclose its instinctive dread of an organization whose very principles spell doom for the oppressor, and even whose immediate demands are calculated to loosen its grip on the throat of suffering humanity.

It is up to us as workers to lay all prejudice aside that we may more clearly conceive the distinctions between antiquated craft groupings which survive by grace of downright servility and class collaboration and one basing its program on "a struggle that must go on till capitalism shall have been overthrown."

Craft unionism is an obsolete staff that proves but a broken reed in times of industrial stress and a sham which hoodwinks its members by various subterfuges till continued inconsistencies kill final faith in all organizations, good, bad and indifferent. This of course does not apply to rebels who, having clear vision, can not be thus misled; but how many such are there in conservative unions?

Broad study of subjects concerning our welfare as workers, and moral courage to act are vital, nor will cowardly attempts to evade serve other purpose than that of having trouble inevitably thrust upon us "after" we have reached the stage where resistance will be well nigh impossible.

Only full recognition of revolutionary industrial unionism's practical merit, by at least a militant minority, can clear up an issue whose import stands clear and distinct beyond all other "isms" that face a world in throes fated to bring forth freedom or slavery.

Which shall it be? It is up to us, who vainly boast of a red-blooded manhood we have as yet

failed to prove, to tear a recent page from British labor history where solidarity so ably expressed its potential strength and—should we still be inclined to hold ourselves intelligent and men, let us live up in deed as well as word to our own implication.

Snap out of it! We cannot stop the tides. Let us learn to swim now for deep waters are ahead where nothing else will save; more especially not the proverbial straw of craft union form that fails utterly of its purpose.

ORGANIZE! Not tomorrow but NOW into the unions of your class.

ORGANIZE industrially along scientifically correct lines.

ORGANIZE your fellow workers and friends for numbers are necessary to power in a working class union and power alone can guarantee consideration from those whose concepts of mercy and justice are but hollow mockeries to lure us deeper into the horrors of wage slavery.

Join the I. W. W. today!

Christian Science

By COVINGTON AMI

The sun is but the tail-end of a monstrous firefly,
The moon is but a big glow-worm acrawlin' 'cross the sky;
The comets they ain't nothin', sir, but gasbags full o' wind,
Just iridescent hotair by the seraph statesmen spinned.

The things they call a planet, an' the things they call a star,
Ain't nothin', sir, but cat's eyes aglowin' fum afar;
The earth's a hollow bubble, just a ghost-skin 'round a hole,
An' full o' creepin' microbes what believes they is a soul.

The whole of all creation is the shadder of a dream,
The mortal conjuration, sir, of things that only seem;
An' it's a fact past doubtin', which can never be gainsaid,
We's never really livin' an' we's never really dead.



The Political and Economic Aspects of American Agriculture

By SAM MURRAY



In Addition to Analyzing the Breach
Between Workers and Farmers,
This Writer Describes the
Forces at Work to Take this
Broad Smile Off John
Farmer's Face

THIS will be election year. A new congress will be elected this fall. The affair will probably command less interest than a presidential election, or for that matter not as much as a similar event a few years ago, inasmuch as the passing of politics as a determining factor in the affairs of the country is being more and more recognized. Yet, we can expect to be deluged with the usual appeals, entreaties and admonitions to vote for this candidate or that measure, and assured that this is to be the most momentous campaign of history and that the destiny of the race depends on how we vote.

As usual we can expect at least three political groups whether they unite under one flag or separate under the banners of the Progressive, Socialist and Workers' parties again to come out with an appeal for the workers and farmers to come together and elect their candidates, promising all kinds of blessings to be showered from above as soon as the two great branches of the army of industry stand shoulder to shoulder on the political field.

The I. W. W. Not Against Voting

Although the writer of this article has no present intention of casting his sacred ballot at any one or any thing the coming election he is willing to grant that privilege to the rest of the fellow workers. The I. W. W. has never denied the right of a member to vote as early and often as his conscience may dictate, so long as he feels that his interests can be served in that way. However, as an organization representing the most advanced interests and seeking the most important matter in the way of educational material for the industrial workers, we are interested in the soundness of any proposition that may at any time be put forward by a group purporting to be in the interests of

these workers. If there is any common ground where the workers and farmers can get together for the benefit of both we want to know about it. Knowing just what we want ourselves, the main problem is to find out what the farmer wants, whether it is practical to get it for him, and how it will affect us in case he does get it. Also, the chance of securing his support for the things that we want will bear investigation.

In Spite of Paternalism and Privilege the Farmer Seems to Be Always in a State of Poverty

There is no group in America that has been as much pampered as the farmers. Homestead laws, public experiment stations, free instructions through bulletins and correspondence, public irrigation projects, cheap government loans; in fact, anything and everything in the way of encouraging the individual to set himself up on a small piece of land. Yet the farmer is always being held up to us as a subject of public sympathy. In spite of all this help he seems constantly to be getting himself in deeper and deeper water and laying the foundation for more paternalism, more help and more sympathy.

J. N. Watt, master of the Sacramento County

(California) grange, gave a rather gloomy picture some time ago of the condition of the American farmer, which, on top of what we have been hearing from some of our prominent spokesmen the last few years, is somewhat startling. Our statesmen and writers for the capitalist press have been representing anything in the way of comparing the "great and prosperous American farmer" with the peasants of Europe, especially of Russia, and have been leading us to believe that instead of being a poverty-stricken peasant he is a very prosperous, shrewd and intelligent business man.

However, according to the authority mentioned above, the average income of the American farmer for 1924 was \$876.00—a sum considerably below the cost of a decent livelihood, while nearly a hundred thousand farms were deserted during the same year. The value of farms shrank fifteen billions in five years. The latter fact is the more serious when we remember that the shrinkage often represented all that the farmer had in his farm, the holder of the mortgage getting the balance. Thirty per cent of the population and 25 per cent of the country's capital is engaged in agriculture, and receives 18 per cent of the total income. These are the facts. As a remedy he proposes that no more land be reclaimed by government aid but wants the government to assist in the matter of marketing, and in general recommends a policy that would mean higher prices for us who have to buy.

Nothing In Common

In fact, the only remedy that any of the farmers' "friends," from the president down to the curbstone communist, has to offer is a higher price for the farmers' product. Viewing the matter from the standpoint of a cockroach mind they never seem to suspect that there may be something wrong with the productive end of the game. They never ask themselves why it is that Henry Ford with his flivver getting better and cheaper all the time can pay nearly three times what the average farmer pays, while our loaf of bread and sack of spuds is either constantly going up or shrinking up. Then, too, Henry's bank account is increasing while John Farmer's is usually in the form of a mortgage held by the bank. If Ford were to attempt to build a flivver by the methods of production corresponding to those in vogue on the average small farm, it would cost him five thousand dollars and you would be afraid to ride in it when finished.

The claim that the farmer and wage worker have much in common has generally been accepted by most workers without question. However, these same workers will tell you that they have no desire to secure employment on a farm, and generally crab about the price of farm products. If asked to explain this apparent kink in their logic they try to tell you that the trouble is with the middleman. While it may be true that there is considerable profiteering and waste in the distribution of farm products, it is doubtful if it is any greater than in

other lines. Most commodities sell for several times their necessary cost of production, and most farm products are difficult to handle and may suffer considerable loss in transmission.

Although the I. W. W. preamble states that "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common," and the farmer is a member of the employing class this circumstance does not necessarily prevent the worker from taking advantage of the differences that arise between the farmer and other sections of the employing class. Employers benefit by taking advantage of our disagreements so there can be no objection to a farmer-labor party from the standpoint of that principle. If it were true that the farmer is producing as cheaply as could reasonably be expected and that his product is being unduly inflated by the middleman, it might be possible for the farmer and city wage worker to get together and both gain something to their advantage. But the farmer is not producing cheaply and I think the facts will bear me out when I say that the history of farmers' marketing ventures proves that they have had a tendency to inflate rather than reduce the price of their products to the consumer.

Is the Farmer a Producer?

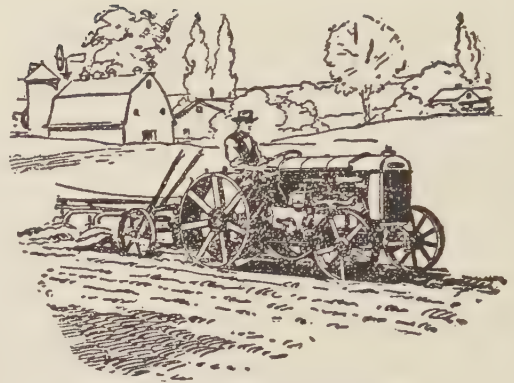
The trouble is that the farmer-labor advocates consider the farmer only in his capacity as a producer and that without any consideration of his ability in that line. The fact is that his place in society is a complex of several functions—employer, food speculator, real estate speculator and least of all, a producer. I think it can truthfully be said that the farmer is far more concerned about raising the price of his product or inflating the value of his farm on the real estate market than in increasing the quantity of his yield or cheapening the process, except where it can be done through a reduction of wages. As a producer he is especially inefficient. Most farms are small and the process of production is carried on in a more or less primitive manner. Most farmers are grossly incompetent. In the directing of operations, in the care of the soil and the breeding and care of stock, farming is both an art and a science capable of almost unlimited development. It is safe to say that two-thirds of the farm land in this country is in the hands of persons no more competent to manage a farm than I am to operate a steamship line. Probably the worst feature of the present farm situation is that due to incompetent farming, the total output is far below what it could be made. This incompetence and inefficiency render low wages and hard conditions a necessary complement to farming on a small scale. As a food speculator he is at war with the whole of society and if successful he only encourages the planting of more crops and in the end wars on himself. As a land speculator he is hopelessly bound up with the real estate shark and whenever he enjoys a short period of prosperity the price of land is forced up so that when-

ever it changes hands it requires more money to swing the deal. This means heavier mortgages and more interest to the bank so that in the next crisis you hear a greater howl than ever about the farmer being robbed, and the same old demand for lower wages, higher prices and helpful legislation to save the "poor farmer" from bankruptcy. It is a question if the American system of individual ownership of small tracts of land that we hear so much bragging about is not inferior, from the standpoint of the farmer himself, to a tenant system similar to that prevailing in some parts of Europe. It would seem that the American farmer, owing to the complex and contradictory character of his several social functions is the victim of a vicious economic circle, so that any action to raise him up will create a reaction that will drag him down again.

I hold that this is the economic law governing the price of farm land: Land is worth that sum of money which if placed on interest would yield an amount equal to the income of the land minus the cost of labor and upkeep. I hold that the small farmer's income can not rise beyond farm laborer's wages plus interest on investment. Since a large part of the interest on investment goes to the money lender while the farmer is compelled to assume all the risk, he would be much better off if land were cheap and wages high. But the individual farmer is so completely tied up in his investment that he is forced to war on both labor's interests and the interests of the farmer class as a whole. But supposing that it were possible permanently to render the farmer prosperous, how would that affect the rest of us?

A Copper-Riveted Reactionary

Since the farmer is essentially a "petty bourgeois," and the most reactionary type at that, a prosperous farmer class would form a bulwark of reaction that would be a serious stumbling block to all progress. It will be noted that the farmer is always the special pet of the reactionary forces that are constantly trying to narrow our visions and circumscribe them within the bounds of nationalist and provincial bigotry. Between the farmer and the more advanced capitalist interests, the industrial worker should always stand for the latter. As for the middleman: if the farmer succeeded in eliminating him and gaining control of the marketing of his product we would be more than ever at his mercy in his frantic and never ending scramble for higher prices. In fact, there is no other branch of the employing class of which it can more truthfully be said that the working class and they have nothing in common than the farmers. Insofar as the demands of progress are concerned, there is no farmer problem except that of eliminating the small farmer and industrializing the agricultural industry. We have the machinery, but owing to the fact that the land is cut up into small holdings unsuitable to large-scale production it cannot be used. The small farmer is a permanent obstacle



MACHINERY PLAYS AN EVER LARGER PART IN AGRICULTURE

to the progressive development of the industry.

We sometimes hear complaints that the government can find time to grant the railroads a rise in rates, but no time to help the farmer. They forget that the government is run in the interest of progressive industry, and further, the railroads have had their rates regulated downward and the hours of labor as well. If the government would first regulate the price of farm products to that which would render a reasonable return on the investment where agriculture is carried on by the most advanced system of machine production and then establish an eight-hour day it would be more reasonable to ask for aid in a crisis. The farmer has enjoyed absolute immunity from government interference. Child labor laws, eight hours, workmen's compensation. Nothing regulates the farmer. He enjoys special privileges granted to no one else. While workers are sent to the penitentiaries for organizing to raise wages he is aided and encouraged to organize with the deliberate purpose of gouging us with high food prices. The more immunities he enjoys the more he will regard himself as a member of a privileged class, and the less sympathy he will have for labor. About the only time he shows an inclination to be "radical" is when conditions are such that he begins to have visions of himself as a wage slave. It is plain that the workers should never allow themselves to be wheeled into supporting the farmer-labor movement. It is easy to see why craft union leaders have shown an interest in the farmer lately. Since the record of the craft unions for defeat the last few years has been practically one hundred per cent complete, the farmer-labor movement is a splendid crutch for a crippled labor leader.

The Nemesis

Most of the land in this country was cut up into small tracts before the era of machine production and where large scale farming was sometimes practiced in isolated parts of the West the location was such as to render marketing more or less difficult and rotating and fertilizing impractical, so that it was more profitable to sell small tracts to suckers who would work their families to death to pay in-

terest on a mortgage than to continue cultivation. As the amount of land was limited the process of industrialization was difficult and capital was drawn into fields where development of machine production was hampered with fewer obstacles. However, there are signs that the time for the exploitation of the agricultural industry is near at hand. Already, ice cream, condensed milk, canned fruit and vegetable companies are securing the land for the production of their raw materials. In the California rice fields large scale production prevails. I am informed that one grower, a Chinaman, employs about three hundred men to harvest his crop. Small operators stand no show here and usually go broke the first bad year. The mills are generally controlled by the growers. Notwithstanding great obstacles that have had to be surmounted the California growers are successfully competing with the cheap oriental and southern labor and although they have been paying better wages for shorter hours than the average in the state, Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, and even Missourian rice growers are rolling in wealth as a result of their last ten or fifteen years' success in the business.

At the rate that surplus capital is increasing how long will it be until all cereal mills will be raising their own grain? This will be to the advantage of the consumer as the history of large scale production proves that it means a lower cost. When advanced, scientific production rules the farming industry it will be necessary to lower prices to stimulate consumption on account of the increased amount of production, as has been the case with other advanced industries, and as for the farm laborer's interests, the saying "Small man, small ways and small wages," a common proverb among western farm laborers, will explain it all. In fact the present small farmer would be a whole lot better off if he were driving a sixty horsepower tractor for wages on a genuine farm instead of sparring with a span of fuzz-tailed mules trying to coax a living out of fifty acres.

Summary

To summarize: We think that the questions raised in the beginning of this article have been answered. The farmer wants the very things that the worker does not want; it would not be to our interest to help him get them if we could. However owing to the fact that the small farmer is a sort of industrial atavist trying to evolve against the current of progressive development we could

not help him if we wanted to. Also, the reactionary character of the farmer renders any hopes that the worker may have of getting his aid vain. The indications are that economic law has decreed the early downfall of the small farmer and the industrialization of the farming industry, and in a struggle between economic law and political law the former will always win. To try to forestall this consummation would be a crime against progress.

There are two forces in this country which stand for a farmer-labor coalition: the reactionary middle class who want to save the backbone of their reaction and the mass revolutionists with their fantastic belief in a mass uprising to be staged about the time of the arrival of the millennium of the Holy Rollers and Seventh Day Adventists. These revolutions and millenniums, judging from past history, are very slow speed propositions and I am afraid we will have to wait a long time. Besides it was the small farmer, principally, who defeated communism in Russia and I believe that there is a sufficiently numerous class of hopelessly reactionary small farmers at the present time to defeat any mass revolution in any part of the world even if such an affair were otherwise practicable or desirable. The only way the worker can gain anything for himself in the near future is through job action. This is also the only means by which the workers can gain the education, training and power, without which a mass uprising could end only in confusion and with which a mass uprising will be unnecessary.

We do not feel that we are taking a callous view of the situation. We heartily sympathize with the small farmer and his overworked family. It is often said that he is worse off than the industrial worker; if so, then we are but serving his best interests by advocating a policy that will make it possible for him to become an employee of an industrialized agriculture and as such we will gladly welcome him into the ranks of labor. Let the capitalists take over the land and prepare the industry for socialization and in the meantime the farmer, emancipated from his serfdom to the money lender, can be educated and prepared for the new day. There are only two progressive elements in existing society. They are the ones who are trying to develop a larger capitalism and those who are preparing the workers for a still more advanced civilization — The Worker's Industrial Commonwealth.



He Had Pride



By T-BONE SLIM

Lo, behold, all ye scoffers, a story—
A story of life's underwhirl;
And mark ye, your blood may turn gory
As its vital statistics uncurl.

It's a story of struggle and labor,
A tale of a nobleman true,
Who may be your very next neighbor—
Yes, perhaps—it may be even you.

Just an expert in system and dodging
A toiler predestined to roam—
At every new boxcar, and "lodging,"
There was no one to welcome him home.

With a mind that was lofty with learning
He drifted along with the tide
And knew of but contempt for earning
The then going wage—he had pride.

How he longed for the joys of tomorrow
And swore at the woes of today,
For "his" was an every-day sorrow
But his future—was sunshine and play.

He had fought where the game went the farthest
And tried out the greatest of loads;
At times his pet grief was the harvest,
Then again 'twas the building of roads.

In the woods, for poor down-trodden workers,
His voice had repeatedly rung
And, strangely, the o'erbearing shirkers
Were afraid of his sulphuric tongue.

From the heights of a noted mechanic
He stepped down to lift up his kind—
Nor felt he the slightest of panic
As he left the smashed ladder behind.

He would quote well the great Aristotle,
The pages of Marx he had turned;
He had read, too, his shirt and his bottle—
So, you might say that he was well learned.

When it came to commanding or hating,
We'd find him quite anxious to serve;
In fact, he was too 'commodating
In all questions of honor or nerve.

Thus it was, when hard-pressed by the masters,
He shook down the ladies of shame;
Relieving the girls of their piastres
And left them financially lame.

Then the sheik of the sisters of mercy,
A bull-cook and hostler of souls,
Took after our fast-heeling Percy
Just to "plug him up" plumb full of holes.

When the war had subsided (if any)
Six bullets had punctured his hide—
His wounds though both grievous and many
Were apart from his grit and his pride.

So he rushed to a doctor and savior
And thus to the sawbones he said:
"I say, on my word and behavior—
I ran foul of a hailstorm of lead."

Lo behold, all ye scoffers, a story
A story of life very bold—
I warn you your blood may turn gory
As its vital statistics unfold.

He recovered his health, in a measure—
And lovingly gazed at reform,
And sought once again the pay-treasure
In industrial serfdom and storm.

But the pay, it was low and unnerving
The board, it was maggots and ewill;
His bed was a hangout for vermin
And, shortly, he found himself ill.

Then a hospital beckoned and offered
To help him to fight the new foe—
And now, for the first time, he suffered
On a cot that was whiter than snow.

All the strife of the ages barbaric
Did parade in the nooks of his mind;
His words, therefore, grew quite tartaric—
I'm afraid he forgot to be kind.

His remarks showed a lack of good training
So sharp was his breathing and trite—
Indeed his blue words were most malting;
Yet, he thought he was safely polite.

Yes, he staggered the 100 lb. nurses
With many an unpolished cough
And horrified, with his soft curses,
To the poorhouse they hustled him off.

I'll admit that his pride was now fractured,
And deeply he felt his disgrace—
It looked like a plot, manufactured;
An insult "too damn dirty to face."

Down the railroad he walked, tears agushing—
And hid in the weeds (as he cried)
And when the fast mail came arushing
Then he crawled on the tracks—
'Guess he died.

Yes, of course our poor tale has a moral
('Tis vital statistics you scan)
He came out of the exploiters' chloral
And expired a non-union man!

MORAL:

Oh if he and his kind had united
Their numbers, ideas and skill—
His wrongs would, no doubt, have been righted;
And the trains would have no one to kill.

He'd have followed great ideals and high codes
And would not have feasted on swill—
He would not have slept with the microbes
And, of course, he would not have been ill.

They'd have broken their unholy fetter,
Not deigning a cross word to spill—
His pay would have doubled, or better—
Thereby saving the poor ladies "till."

Oh if they had but organized strongly,
Our troubles would be o'er, or nil;
No power could hop on us wrongly—
And our dead friend would be with us still.

WHOSE DUTY?



By COVAMI

I am the Christ—
The Truth-Speaker—
Lucifer—
The Light-Bearer—
Rebel of all times and climes—
The wisdom of—
Gods, Mortals, Devils—
Is mine—
Therefore—
Give heed unto this:—
Much, we are hearing, these days—
About—
"Our duty to the State."—
But—
WHOSE duty—
They fail to specify.—
Mine? Nay!—
What duty do I—
A Proletarian—
Owe the State?—
Answer Me, O State's Men!—
What has It ever done for Me?—
That I should—
Worship It—
Die for It—
I, a Proletarian—
We, the Propertyless?—
"Our duty to the State"?—
You must be joking!—
Give heed unto this:—
Never have I seen It—
The State—
Stretch out its mailed fist to—
Guard Our life—
To preserve Our liberty—
To increase Our happiness—
Always it comes to us—
The Proletarians—
Jailing, shooting, crucifying—
Slugging, murdering, warring—
Deporting, crushing, disinheriting—

Always acting for Property—
Never for Man—
Always for the Dollar, Pound, Franc—
Never for Men, Women, Children—
Never until forced to it.—
For the tocsin that—
Sounds the freedom of Peoples—
Tolls the deathknell of States.—
Give heed unto this:—
I heard two voices speaking—
One, the Industrial Despotism, said:—
"The State? I am the State!
I, the Plutocrat—
Ceasar of Capitalism—
I am the State!—
Woe to foes of the State!"
The other—
The Industrial Democracy—
Answering, defiant cried:—
"The State?—
To hell with the State!—
I am the Union!—
The Commonwealth!—
The Coming World!—
The Mighty Future!
Gather around Me—
O ye Toilers—
And—
The Earth shall be thine!—
To Have—
And to Hold—
Forever!"—
Goddards of States—
Crucifiers of Peoples—
Give heed unto this.—
I have said—
I, Lucifer—
The Light-Bearer—
I, Christ—
The Truth-Speaker.

"The Employers' Philosophy"

By E. W. M.



NAME is only a name, as the proverbial saying is; however, it is the character of the one who has the name that counts.

For convenience we will call him Simon Werk. He is a large fellow, coarse featured. Let him miss a shave and he resembles the anthropoid. This is not intended for ridicule, for none can speak disparagingly of Simon. He is one of the kindest, most good-hearted fellows possible to meet.

Simon worked in a sawmill until recently. When we first knew him he was working in a logging camp. The lumberjacks frequently referred to him as "Si, the line-horse."

During those days there were no haul back lines. The main lines were dragged by a horse. The horse was called the line-horse.

If a signal was given for two feet of slack line, Simon did not wait for the line-horse; he would grab the line and pull it the needed two feet. He did most of the rigging crew's work. He was not, what might appear to be, a sucker; it was just merely his way.

Simon is absolutely stolid. His understanding of the world and the people is blank. He admits that the only pleasure he gets out of life is fishing and working. He is impervious to good literature and the True Story Magazine furnishes him his reading matter.

At the pool hall which Simon frequents occasionally, his conversation usually concerns fishing. Simon can tell a good fish story. He has had many thrilling experiences on Lake Quinault, where the salmon trout is known for its gameness. When Simon enumerates, in his inimitable way, about one of those fishing exploits to the patrons, the pool hall is a scream with ecstasy over the weird tale.

It was just prior to the 1917-18 strike in the lumber industry, for a shorter workday and better living and working conditions, that a strong militant agitation pervaded the woods against the then prevailing conditions.

"I'll work as long as I damn please, and it's nobody's business," Simon was heard to utter one evening just before the gong rang for supper.

"All you want is work and nothing to show for it, you big hoosier," came the words from the other end of the bunkhouse. Someone said it was Wobbly who spoke so promptly.

All talk of a social or economic nature, or anything pertaining to unionism is a nebula to Simon.

During the time we speak of, this line of conversation was carried on constantly. It was getting too hectic for Simon, so naturally he sought employment elsewhere.

Simon was now employed in a sawmill. He had landed the job he had so long yearned for: handling the lumber to and from the dry kiln—a la gyppo, that is, so much per thousand feet. If a worker

stands this work for four years, he is going some.

Simon was now on his sixth year at this job named in the foregoing. He had been heard telling one of his fellow workers that he had used ten dollars' worth of liniment in one month to try to keep himself fit for the job. He was "so stiffened," he said.

One afternoon, just before quitting time, something happened to a tram-car loaded with dry-kiln lumber. The car had in some way gotten away from the workers. It was headed for two large closed doors. Simon saw it coming and, quick as a flash, picked up a square timber no two ordinary men could lift, and threw it under the wheels. In some way, unknown, his hand was caught and so mangled that he was left incapacitated for manual labor. His other hand is crippled too; the accident happened years ago.

When the workers buy wood, they get the mill-run, sawdust and all. It is wet and costs four dollars a load.

Christmas day, the same week Simon was maimed, seven prominent (?) members of the Elks, each had a load of hand-picked dry wood, as a present from the company that owned the mill where Simon had been employed.

Simon, too, had had a load of wood sent to his place, while he was yet in the hospital.

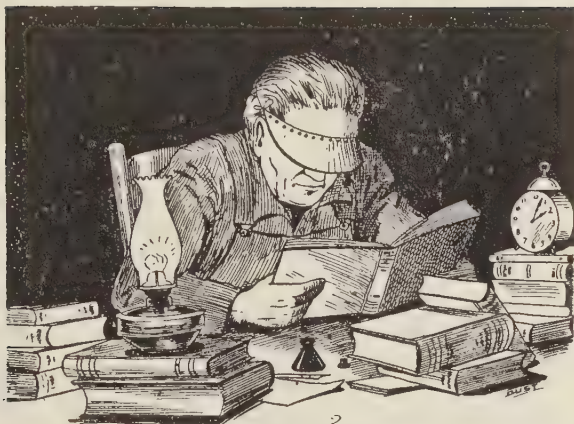
On one occasion only had one of the company been to see Simon, and then only to say "Hello, Werk; how they comin'?"

Two months after his misfortune, Simon got a peremptory written dun, from the company for that load of wood he had received after he had been crippled.

Simon flew into a truculent rage. A fulmination emanated from his shark-like mouth, stigmatizing the company.

After he had calmed down, however, he was heard to say, with a quiver in his voice: "That Wobbly was right—"You big hoosier—it's nothing you wanted, and it's nothing you got. Nothing? Yes."

P. S.: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common."



The Ruler of Tomorrow

Book Reviews

It is an axiom among radicals that missionaries go to save the heathen from happiness, and to save money for the capitalists who finance the missions. Recent actions of the young men and women of China have abundantly confirmed us in this opinion. But it has not occurred to many that there is a field for investigation among these strange and romantic creatures, the missionaries themselves. I suspect that one would have to have been born among those who feel "called" to "push the heathen to the gate" to understand them as Raymond Weaver, the author of a new novel, "Black Valley," seems to understand his material—the missionary settlement in Kurodani, a small, probably fictitious but probably typical out-of-the-way town in Japan.

Very likely Weaver is really telling his story in the story of Gilson Wilberforce, Japanese born son of a huge missionary man who is a regular wild bull of Bashan for energy, and tactlessness, and a self-sacrificing missionary mother who quite cheerfully lets herself die by inches from a cancer in the breast, and conceals it, until the last stages, for fear that her pain would interfere with the happiness of her very noisy, and very literary husband, or of her clever young son.

For the son apostasizes: He gets too darned Japanese, by growing up among the little Jap kids, and by taking short cuts through the local red-light district, and bandying repartee with the ladies who call to him. He cultivates the acquaintances, also, of Buddhist priests, and Shinto fortunetellers, and it all has a very bad effect on his proper, puritanical outlook on life. Even the proprieties and conventions of New England he disregards, in order to go swimming with the natives in the river.

"For Japan had not begun to cultivate those final flowers of Christian civilization, the smirk and the innuendo; and being genuinely modest, nakedness, as such, was to his Japanese friends casual and uninteresting. This innocence is now being jeopardized however, by national vanity; for Japan is

tenderly solicitous of foreign approbation. And Japan may end in being filthy out of a pious endeavor to appear respectable. Until recent years it was a universal native custom to go swimming naked in mixed company; a state of affairs that shocked both Christians and tourists. Some years ago, to preserve international confidence in native decency, there was promulgated from the throne an Edict commanding that every Celestial put on a bathing suit before taking a plunge. The Edict was most literally and wholesomely interpreted. Down to the beach came congregations of Japanese with their kimono sleeves jauntily waving in the breeze. Off came the kimonos, each bronze body stripped and shameless in the sun. They played ball on the beach, napped, gossiped and idled. But immediately before going into the water, each squirmed into a pair of trunks, touchingly obedient to the Edict from the Throne."

However, Gilson clung to the gods of his fathers until he got away from Japan. The author suggests that his unbelief was being prepared, like a photographic plate, but was not developed yet. Mrs. West seems to have developed it. She was the sixty-year-old, shrewish but kindly, and cynical and skeptical old widow he met on the steamer, on his way to America to be educated.

Some idea of the clash between Mrs. West and the missionary ladies can be gained from her conversation with one of them at the breakfast table, two weeks out in the Pacific.

"Isn't prayer wonderful!" says the little missionary lady. "Yes, prayer is very wonderful," loyally asserts Gilson. And the reason is developed under Mrs. West's questioning:

"You were one of the few not seasick last night. You are a good sailor?"

"Oh, no!" pleaded the little woman, "I am not a good sailor. It is the power of prayer. All my friends in China are praying for me, and I haven't been seasick all this trip."

"A shrewd preventive," was Mrs. West's com-

ment. "And your husband and your sister missionaries?"

"Mr. Westbrook has been just awful," the small creature woefully drawled with an earnest wag of her head.

"Weren't his friends praying for him?" Mrs. West continued with malicious curiosity.

"Oh, yes!—But Mr. Westbrook has a weak stomach!"

Gilson returns from his "education" in America, to find the cattish lady missionaries, and wives of missionaries, sitting in groups and rending to tatters the reputation of a good woman of fifty, who has suddenly fallen in love with a sea captain and has come from the field of the Lord in China to marry him in Kurodani. He finds also a pretty young converted Japanese girl, whose father stayed Buddhist, and is mightily angry at her for leaving the parental roof-tree. The missionaries hide her away, and Gilson falls in love with her. But the capitalist Caucasian and all his agents are always a caste apart, in the Orient, however much they may preach of the fatherhood of god and the brotherhood of man, so Gilson is only tempted to marry her—he doesn't quite.

He finds also Alurid Wilberforce, his father, panting for him to become a servant of the Lord, and push the heathen to the gate for a while in Kurodani, leaving the old man free to finish his big book, twenty-five volumes already and still going strong, *Historia Imperii Japonici*. This old man seems to be the regular archetype of a missionary:

" . . . Over six feet in height, the upper reaches of his legs decently extinguished in billows of frock coat, he sent his voice rolling up from the cavernous depths of his giant figure to thunder out through the wilderness of his Assyrian beard. He was not designed for trivialities; though unredeemed Japanese urchins, it is true, had been known to dare—always at a safe distance—to jeer at him as a hairy devil. But Alurid took the flaunt with becoming dignity, and recalling the Biblical parallel of the naughty little Jews crying 'go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head' to the prophet Elisha, he did as Elisha had done; 'he turned back, and looked at them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord'. When in Hebrew he recites appropriate verses from the Twenty-sixth Psalm: 'Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity: therefore I shall not slide.—I have hated the congregation of evildoers; and will not sit with the wicked. Lord, gather not my soul with the sinners, in whose hands is mischief. But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity'."

His opinion of the Japanese he was saving was unflattering to them: "The Japanese fancy themselves highly affronted," he wrote in the tenth chapter of the tenth book of his *Historia*, "by the endeavour of some who busy themselves to draw the original descent of their nation either from apes, from the lost tribe of Israel, or from the

Chinese or other of their neighbours. They claim a birth much higher and nobler, and esteem themselves no less than offspring of their very heathen deities—all of which deserves no credit, and must be entirely rejected as forged and fabulous. The Japanese are, moreover, at a loss what to answer when asked how it came about that Amaterasu O-Mikami, a being endowed with so many excellent and supernatural qualities as they ascribe to her, begot so poor and miserable a race as that of the present inhabitants of Japan."

It will be seen that what with Gilson's back-sliding and his matrimonial preferences, and the old lady from China and hers, the author has created a situation in which the air is charged with something more than the Holy Spirit.

When twelve days go by without the fiancé of the dear old lady showing up to marry her, and when the Japanese convert begins secretly to meet her lover in the mission garden, the spiritual side gets more possibilities.

Then when the old lady goes for a walk in the garden at night, and find Gilson and the Japanese girl in what would have been a connubial embrace, had they not dispensed with one of the rites of priestcraft, the old dame has a cat-fit. The author does not really tell us whether it is because her maiden modesty is outraged at the sight, or whether she suddenly is made aware of the hopelessness of there ever being anything half so beautiful in her life as this illicit love passage of these two not-quite Christians who find more to please them in the mission garden than the mission church.

So when the captain comes with a perfectly good excuse for being late, he is dumbfounded by being howled at, ragged at, accused of philandering, and driven ignominiously from her presence by the bride herself.

The captain does not know any Japanese, has never been in the town, and wanders forlornly about until two of his own Japanese sailors find him and take him straight to the red-light district. Everybody is so nice to him that he thinks he is in some perfectly proper hotel, and proceeds to drown his sorrows in drink. The more he drinks, the more respectable he feels, and when he is made aware of a woman brazenly entering his room he throws her out. After that "the heathen rage" and they and the captain just naturally get to fighting, and a mob gathers, and the missionary settlement is rudely awakened by a Japanese policeman who hammers with his sword on the door and in three or four very crude Anglo-Saxon words of one syllable states just where it is that the captain is, and that he is fighting—will the ladies come and get him out?

It takes the whole mission force to get him away—and that is about all there is to the story. The plot is rather thin, but the yarn is rich in embroidery, in clever little quips at the expense of missionaries, and delightful half-page revealing descrip-

tions of their attitude. I know of nothing better than the spectacle of the drunken captain, barred within his room, the curious crowd of disreputable characters and police watching, and Alurid Wilberforce, (Gilson's father) soundly lecturing them all on their sins. Standing on the steps of the brothel, he felt the urge to speak thuswise to them all:

"These whoremongers! — These adulterers! — These drinkers of damnations!" — Alurid burst forth, as Gilson sat on the lower entrance step, occupied in his haste to get his feet out of his shoes. "These open sepulchres, filthy with concupiscence, and fornication, and uncleanness, and lasciviousness, and idolatry, and witchcraft, and hatred, and wrath, and strife, and sedition, and treaty-breaking, and drunkenness, and persecution, and blasphemy, and unthankfulness — —"

"Treaty-breakers," ah, that's a significant word in the mouth of a missionary. Trade follows the flag—but the cross precedes them both and prepares the way, the soldier and the missionary are the agents of capitalism, in all of its slave raids into the Orient.

The picture of the missionaries, in spite of individual cases of great heroism and devotion, is that of slave raiders, enslavers, who regard the heathen as so much raw material to be worked on, so many souls to be "saved" and so many bodies to be worked. The best that can be said is that they are just as cruel to each other as to the natives. When Gilson's mother does die (as a matter of fact Mrs. West murders her to relieve her sufferings), the ladies are rather pleased.

"Funerals are such beautiful occasions," * * * "especially the funerals of the saved. For while we're alive so many things do sometimes happen. But once they're dead, then you know they are same."

Card 794514.

BLACK VALLEY, By Raymond Weaver, published by The Viking Press, New York. Price, \$2.

Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman have collaborated to produce a study of American territorial acquisition and business expansion that for comprehensiveness and clearness has never been equalled. The following statement uttered by President Taft in his Inaugural Address, March 4, 1909, was "the first avowal of the policy which, under the Taft administration, won the title of 'Dollar Diplomacy'":

"In the international controversies that are likely to arise in the Orient growing out of the question of the open door and other issues the United States can maintain her interests intact and can secure respect for her just demands. She will not be able to do so, however, if it is understood that she never intends to back up her assertion of right and her defense of interest by anything but mere verbal protest and diplomatic note."

But while the genesis of the phrase "Dollar Diplomacy" dates from 1909, its spirit is much older and Taft was simply reasserting an avowal which governed the State Department especially from the time of the McKinley administration. It means that Big Business—predominately finance capital—in its foreign spheres of investment will be aided in every way by the Government of the United States, including the use of armed force.

The authors review the manifestations of this diplomacy in their various aspects; peaceful economic penetration prosecuted by business houses; economic penetration under government control; economic penetration with political interference—political regulation; armed intervention; acquisition without annexation; acquisition by conquest and then purchase; the evolution of American imperial diplomacy; the Dawes Plan, and so on, with appended copies of the different documents by which the leading acts of this diplomacy have been made classic examples for the technique of the American imperialists.

Here in 353 pages, including the index, is a vast amount of information set down very much to the point and with ample evidence to constitute the volume of damning, irrefutable indictment of this hypocritical government that finds no acts of oppression too inhuman to inflict and no phase of its exploitation and violence not amenable to the noblest of explanations compatible with the largess of benefaction.

Canada is cited, with numerous statistics, as an example of peaceful economic penetration, and the fact is made clear that the United States investments in the Dominion are greatly in excess of those of Great Britain which led there until the World War. Capital introduced into a country which gives it the right to operate is shown by such cases as the Argentine Government permit to Swift and Company to build a dock at La Plata, and of the Cuban Government permit to the United Fruit Company legalizing the company's docks at Sama. But greatest of all is the Bolivian loan which is secured by the Republic's bank, its revenues and the property and revenues of certain Bolivian railroads. A fiscal commission exists to administer the provision of the contract, and the whole financial system with far-reaching political checks is in the hands of Wall Street bankers. Should it become necessary for these bankers to call on the State Department of the United States for assistance in gaining the discharge of the Bolivian obligation this government, by its diplomatic creed, is pledged to use all the power it commands in aid of the financiers.

The book shows how the revolution in Panama was instigated when the Columbian Congress adjourned without giving the United States the land wanted to build the Panama Canal. Panama, under the protection of American warships, and with the direction of the American State Department, was established as a republic, and a strip of land ten

**Business Plus
The Stars
And Stripes**

miles wide was ceded to this government. It took fifteen days to accomplish this revolution from the time the warship commander was notified to prevent Columbian troops from landing in Panama until President Roosevelt recognized the minister of the new republic that American statecraft had created.

There are accounts of the Hawaiian Revolution (American manufactured) by which the islands were annexed; of the suppression of the Philippine Republic in the interests of American business and military strategy; of the many devious maneuvers by oil and other American interests in Mexico backed by this Government to the point of military occupation and diplomatic direction of the internal affairs of a supposedly sovereign power; of the Cuban occupation; of marines in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua; of the purchase of the Virgin Islands and the oppression endured by the inhabitants under the "free flag of the United States."

In discussing the Dawes Plan the authors explain how the German people are bound over for an indefinite time to their victors who have exacted from generations still unborn economic tribute of a magnitude never before known in history. This is a case of strong powers inflicting heavy penalties on other strong states.

There is an explanation of the Open Door diplomacy by which American capitalists forced their way into Manchuria to set up a "sphere of influence," and then secretly negotiated with other foreign powers to shut the door again on those not yet in the exploiting ring.

The story of Admiral Chester in the Near East is most absorbing. Chester got concessions in the Mosul district (rich in oil and a large number of other resources) and these were later contested by England and France. Together nationals of these governments and of the United States have formed a company to exploit the Near Eastern oil fields. This is the Turkish Petroleum Company. It is interesting, to say the least, to read this remarkable statement issued from the United States Bureau of Naval Intelligence:

"We have extensive interests in the Near East, especially in tobacco and petroleum. Early in 1919 several American destroyers were ordered to Constantinople for duty in the Near East . . . The possible development of the economic resources of this part of the world were very carefully investigated by representatives of American commercial interests. These representatives were given every assistance by the Navy, transportation furnished them to various places, and all information of commercial activities obtained by the naval officers in their frequent trips across the Black Sea given them . . . The Navy not only assists our commercial firms to obtain business, but when business opportunities present themselves, American firms are notified and given full information on the subject. . . One destroyer is kept continually at

Samsun, Turkey, to look after the American tobacco interests at that port. . . The American tobacco companies represented there depend practically entirely on the moral effect of having a man-of-war in port to have their tobacco released for shipment."

It will readily be seen how intimate is the connection between American business concerns seeking bargains, loot and expansion in foreign lands, chiefly "backward countries," and the State Department when the vigilant commanders of the Navy are employed not only to act in a police capacity as at Samsun, but as ferrets to find the quarry and give American business "full information on the subject." The American worker seeking an elusive job in the hours of industrial crisis tramps or rides box cars; the American investor questing economic prizes afar receives the proffered hospitality and protection of war vessels, and "full information."

This great work of Messrs. Nearing and Freeman floods with light the machinations of the American Empire, and in this light we are enabled to understand better the cryptic utterance of Admiral Fletcher, of Tampico infamy, that: "Navies are the insurance for the wealth of leisure classes invested abroad."

The authors have shown many presidents up in their true colors, among them being McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and our own matchless dumbbell, Calvin. Those who still think that the late Princeton prexy was an idealist should be sure to read about his deliberate lies in the interest of American oil kings, and of his very practical switching whenever the big bosses cracked the whip. Wilson often let his love for words lead him astray but he always ended these ruminations when the hard heads of American capitalism called a halt, and by reading this book one is certain to get quite a revealing view of the spell-binder who "kept us out of war"—like hell.

It may be well to bring these remarks to a close by giving you a Hughes quotation which appears in the volume. The former Secretary of State said: "Foreign policies are not built upon abstractions. They are the result of practical conceptions of national interest." This national interest is the interest of the financial monarchs, of predatory powers growing fat and arrogant on the surplus value extracted from wage slaves in America, and they use this surplus further to enslave our fellow workers across the seas. It is our business to organize industrially and put an end forever to this exploitation by putting a summary end to the wage system.

—Robert Grayson.

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY, Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman, B. W. Huebsch and the Viking Press, New York. Price, \$2.50.

This is an excellent reference book. It has 421 big pages, packed with "the dope" on the doings of American financial imperialists. There are six pages of bibliography for anybody who wants to dig deeper into the misdeeds of Wall Street. There is an index of tables and lists, another of countries and geographical areas, another of corporations and persons. These are in addition to a very full and descriptive table of contents. When you want to find anything in this book, you can find it.

The material there is worth finding, too. It seems to have been gathered in the true scientific spirit of digging up and exposing the facts to public knowledge, without much regard for public propaganda, and without any extravagant claims to omniscience. Indeed the last sentence in the book is rather charmingly modest, in view of the real value of the revelations; it says: "The information contained in this volume, while not guaranteed, has been obtained from sources which are believed to be reliable and correct."

The first two chapters tell the story, largely with figures, of Uncle Sam's change from the status of a debtor to that of a world-wide creditor. Throughout practically the entire life of the nation, up to 1914, the U. S. A. borrowed money, principally from England. It lent a little to countries still less developed, but on the whole it borrowed—for it was establishing a great industrial plant.

The plant seems to have been pretty well finished and in operation just about the time the great war broke loose in Europe. Probably America would have ceased borrowing money anyway, even without a war, but the needs of European nations, particularly the needs of the allied countries, made the change quick, easy, and spectacular. In 1914 American capitalism was about three billion dollars in debt to Europe; during the war two billions of this was bought back, and in addition, a billion and a half of private loans were contracted in the U. S. A. by European capitalists or governments and considerably over seven billion dollars was raised by the U. S. government and lent to European governments, mostly in 1918. Remember the "Liberty Loans"? That is where the money went.

Very little of this has been paid back; interest is accumulating on some of it, and more and more has been borrowed since the war. The year 1924, a full decade after the fatal autumn of 1914, saw the biggest peace-time loans of all—\$125 million to Japan, \$110 million on the Dawes Plan to Germany, \$100 million to France to save the franc (after a while the franc backslid from salvation again), \$90 million to Canada (to the government), \$50 million to the Belgian government, and \$40 million to Holland. Since then, there have been other loans, but the figures on which Dunn's book is based do not go much beyond 1924. They do

include the prophesy of the New York Times that the loans and investments abroad by the capitalists of the United States (including the government itself) will amount to twelve billion dollars by 1926. Whether the figure has been actually realized or not, we do not know, but probably it was a good guess.

A large section of the book, and the part most useful for reference, probably, consists of material arranged under the names of various countries, all victims of the great American Eagle.

We open at random, and turn up Equador. This is not a very large, nor a very important country; it lies in South America, and it is rather undeveloped, as compared with some other of the states in that continent. But the first sentence under the name catches out interest, it is symbolic of the whole recent process in international finance. "Our investments in Equador are now estimated at \$30 million, or six times the figure set by Ingalls in 1920" (and of course there is a footnote giving the reference to Ingalls—there are lots of such footnotes; whoever cares to follow them back to their source will get a wide and liberal education in diplomacy, statistics, banking, foreign and domestic commerce, etc.)

Then, still under the heading, "Equador," we find the names of the particular Wall Street vultures who have begun to feed on the living body of Equador's proletariat. We see at once the Standard Oil Company functioning under two separate names; and two other oil companies of lesser importance in active operation likewise. We find that the South American Development Company mines gold "most of which is exported to this country." (Trust your Uncle Sammy for that!) The S. A. D. C. sent us about a million dollars' worth of gold in 1922. We find just which shipping lines and which railroads are owned by Americans. And proof is given that the electric light and power system, and the street railways of the capital of the nation are likewise owned by Americans. It would indeed be a fair deduction, for one having a knowledge of the ways of American street railways and power companies, to suspect that some of the people in the capital city of Equador are likewise owned by these same American capitalists!

So it goes with all the countries of the world. A very good book to look into when you suddenly find it stated in your Daily Liar that such and such a South American or Asiatic land has forsworn civilization, and is simply begging for strong-hearted, hard-fisted American marines to come and keep it from "committing excesses."

The last half of the book is a collection of sample contracts, granting concessions, bankers' loans, and regulating government obligations. These contracts are all interesting, but too long to paraphrase here, or even to give the story of the swindle, the graft, the treason and corruption that accompanied their birth in most cases. Wall

Street seems to have adopted Walpole's most famous principle, "Every man has his price," and added thereto, "When the price is too high, start a revolution." Anyway, they have all the little states of the Caribbean nicely mortgaged with, in most cases, the U. S. government made a partner to the deal, and the Latin-American government told in pretty plain words just when to borrow, when to pay up and how, in what manner to revise its constitution, to avoid having the marines landed. The use of the U. S. Navy as collector of bad debts has extended to Europe, and even Belgium finds that when she borrows money from the bankers of Manhattan, she has to have the blessing of Manhattan's agents in the War, Navy and State Department Building at Washington. Of course when France borrows from Morgan, the U. S. Army is not mentioned. France has an army too.

Dunn's book considers very briefly the future of this sort of thing, but in this relation only, the question of the probable extent of future loans abroad. The possibility of the debtor nations (their capitalist classes) adopting that method of liquidation of debts which was once popular in the Mississippi valley region, by which hot lead is made to take the place of cold cash, is not adequately investigated. Indeed it probably lies outside the proper scope of such a work as this. As we have no room for it here either, except to point out again what all students of history know, which is that France, one of "our" biggest debtors, when she owed Germany a considerable sum of money toward the end of last century seriously debated the question as to whether it was cheaper on the whole to pay or to fight. If she had owed a little more, she would have fought. And Europe now owes the U. S. A. a tremendous sum. It is no accident that as France more and more realizes her obligations to America, anti-American propaganda occupies a greater place in the theatre, in the press, in the utterances of public officials in France.

—Vern Smith.

AMERICAN FOREIGN INVESTMENTS, by Robert W. Dunn, published by B. W. Huebsch and The Viking Press. Price, \$5.

After a silence of a decade Theodore Dreiser has written a long novel—An American Tragedy. In two volumes of more than 800 pages **A Study of Environment** he follows the progress of a life from childhood poverty to the electric chair. Clyde Griffiths is the son of street evangelists, poor, miserable, tenth-rate, unordained preachers who are ever urging their unflinching faith in the God who will sustain them. The precocious boy, wiser than his brothers and sisters, wonders why the divine aid

is always in the offing, when it is so desperately needed in the existence of the poverty-stricken family.

At little street meetings, all but deserted, passers-by often pause to wonder at the smudgy fire of faith in the ill-clad group and at the wail of belief the parents raise to meet the strident noises of the city. The boy is ashamed. This is frequently noted by the observers, and they pity him. He frees himself at the first chance from these humiliating, freakish prayer-meetings by going to work. He is first a drug clerk, then a bellboy, in Kansas City and Chicago.

By the time he is twenty he is in Lycurgus, New York, where his father's rich brother owns a large collar and shirt factory. Clyde, after months at a very menial place in the plant, is put at the head of a department, over a group of girls. One attracts him. She responds favorably, and a liaison ensues. Soon, however, he is taken up by a rich girl, introduced to her set, and he wants to forget the factory girl, Roberta. Rich Sondra is lovelier; she moves in a world that to the young man, used to poverty, is enchanting. All might have been arranged well enough, only Roberta becomes pregnant. Clyde tries to have an abortion performed, but he is very "green" and fails. Then he drifts, puts off deciding about the girl, while she is lonely and desperate because her reputation is at stake. She wants him to marry her. Her parents are impoverished farmers, and very religious.

Then he is tempted. He plans her death by drowning. She thinks they are on the way to a place to get married. It is summer, and they row out on a beautiful lake. It is very lonely. He fails at the last moment, losing his nerve. He can not kill her. She sees the strangeness of his eyes mirroring she knows not what terror. She rises to assist him. She stumbles. He strikes out, a camera in his hand. She is struck. Then they are in the water, and Roberta can not swim. Now that the accident is doing for her what he could not go through with, he leaves her to drown; and strikes out for the shore.

He is apprehended, convicted on circumstantial evidence, and the prosecutor fights to kill him because the prosecutor wants to become a judge at the fall elections. Clyde is condemned to die. His mother comes on from the West to try to save him. A frightful year passes in the Auburn death house. A youthful clergyman sympathizes with him, and becomes his friend. This minister and Clyde's mother go to see the governor, who refuses executive clemency.

Dreiser's description of that death house with all its horrors is the most damning denunciation of capital punishment that has ever been penned, and even Hugo's masterful "Last days of a condemned man" seems peurile by comparison. Dreiser tells of the score of condemned Chinamen,

Negroes, Jews, Irishmen, a cultured lawyer and Clyde, victim of circumstances that rode him to his doom. On a night before one of their number is to die the condemned can not eat—"Sometimes it is so bad that even the guards can not eat." At four in the morning curtains in front of the cell doors are drawn. Every victim is awake to die with the one who is pushed beyond the last door and forced into that chair of annihilation. The shuffle of feet follows the screening; then a clergyman's intonations from the psalms. Then the victim calling out, "Good-bye, boys, good luck." The same circuit that shocks life from the doomed also illumines the incandescent lights in the cells. When the lights suddenly dim, and after a minute of indescribable dread, dim again, and then again, someone calls out that all is over, and the "survivors" renew their deadly vigil, dying over and over again.

Clyde suffered in this way for about a year. Some are held for two years. The clergyman thought he had succeeded in converting Clyde, but the boy doesn't really know if he is guilty of murder. He can not repent because he wanted to have nice things, and to be somebody. Contrition is struggled for but he does not feel its comforting power. He is young and wants to live and to be happy. He does not want the credit of eternity, but the cash of here and now. And he must die. The minister thinks he has saved a soul, but when he sees the boy die he wishes that he had done something to save his life.

Toward the last Sondra writes a short note. It is on plain paper, typewritten and unsigned. Her social position and that of her family have been guarded throughout, she being referred to in the trial as Miss X. Clyde feels how futile was his daring plan of destruction. For Sondra he got into the fatal scrape. She was going to marry him. And now at the point of violent death just an unsigned note of sympathy. Already she probably was looking for another prospective, and this time

socially respectable, husband. Clyde senses the unfathomable social gulf between the class into which he was born and her class.

Scattered though the many pages are word pictures of rarest beauty. exquisitely charming and compelling. The characters are not mannequins or caricatures. They are real people, living and breathing and loving and hating and idling and working. This vivid artistry more than makes up for the imperfections of construction that rouse the dogs of critical damnation, who with all their ability to parse and to analyze and to castigate are as so many small fry before this literary giant in the labor of creation.

Dreiser sees much, he looks into the hearts of men and women, and he seems sorry for their sorrows and weaknesses. With unforgettable strength and penetration he exposes the inhumanity, the shallowness and callousness, the injustice and barbarity of modern society. His strokes sear the brain with white hot shafts of truth—showing the individual to be destiny's plaything. That is the way he sees life, and as an artist so he represents it.

Beyond that he need not go. The social revolutionary must go beyond. He must be a physician wherever necessary, and a wrecker and builder when the hour of his class strikes, when the wage slaves advance a united cause to upset the regime of plunder. Among other duties and privileges of the new society of industrial freedom shall be that of abolishing the fearful taking of life by the social group. We shall tear down the walls and bars of prisons, for as today society is the real criminal, so on that glorious tomorrow, the cause of crime vanished, dungeons shall have no purpose of class oppression and social brutality to serve.

—Harry Silverson.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by Theodore Dreiser, Boni and Liveright, New York. Two volumes. Price, \$5.00.

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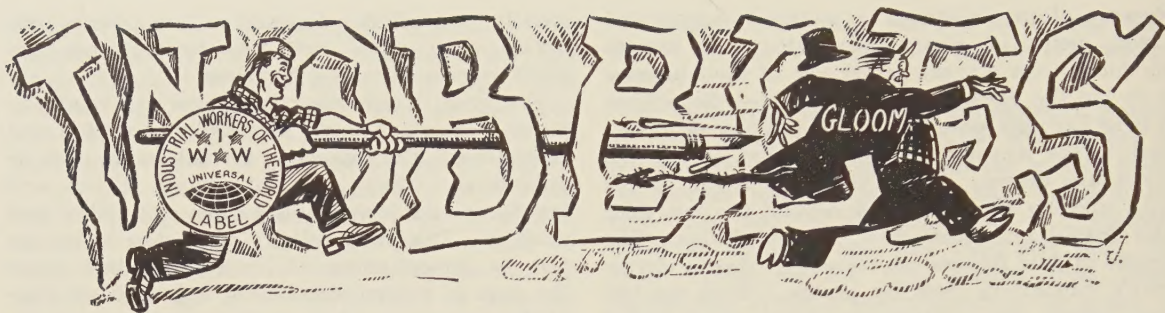
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WEAR YOU WELL?

At times the **welfare** of the people is a very thin shell "affair"—**shell fare**—much resembling cell fare.

To put it mildly, it is **fell fare** compared to the succulent **jell-fare** of the parasites. And I fear, **lest the slaves organize**, that their **welfare** means **knell-fare**—for, even now, the **dumbest** of critics call it **hell-fare**. Fare thee well.

—T-b. S.

P. S.—It gets my goat when people who can't tell **fare** from a **sows-ear** yell "fair," leaving the impression that here and there slaves dwell fair, or on swell fare—just as if they were getting something that's good enough for 'em.

Nothing but the best is bad!

OREMUS

Editor Omaha Daily News:

I promised the heavenly Father I would write to the Omaha Daily News if a certain prayer was answered. It was, and many more. I am praying for something that will mean much happiness to me. Will others pray for me?—(Clipped from the eminent Omaha Daily News).

LAW REBUKES PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN

Saying "Here I lay me," a migratory slave, minus gainful occupation, went to sleep in a lodging house bed for which he had paid his last six bits. In the morning, looking for inspiration, being a religious person, he opened his pocket Bible. At the first turn he read the instruction, "Take up thy bed and walk!" As he had no more bed than a jackrabbit he rolled up the landlady's blankets and started to walk. John Law nabbed him. Taken before his zone the migratory explained that he had merely obeyed biblical instructions. The judge couldn't see it that way and gave him thirty days.

MALE HELP

WANTED: Construction superintendent with a capacity of 1,000 barrels a day.

THE WIPE

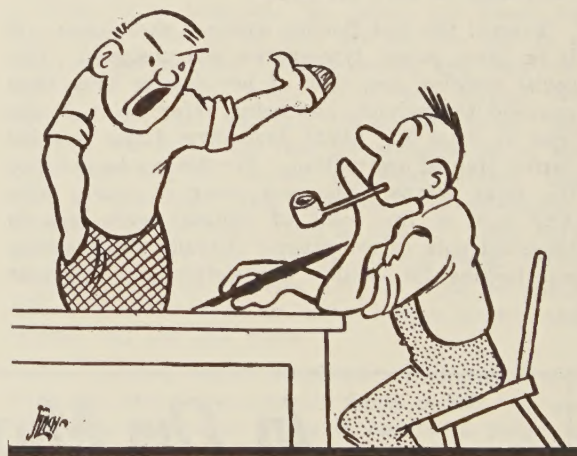
A famous London comedian who need not be named was invited to a peer's house during the festive season. After dinner he was reciting a few of his best yarns, and in the midst of one of the choicest was interrupted by a guest, who said to him: "Excuse me, but your handkerchief is hanging half out of your pocket."

"Thank you very much," said the actor gravely, as he adjusted it. "You know the company so much better than I."

HIS DAD WAS A UNION MAN

Teacher: "Johnny, if four men are working 11 hours a day—"

Johnny: "Hold on, ma'am. Nix on them non-union problems, please."



IT'S ONLY TOO TRUE

Writer: I'm trying to write an article on what the miners got out of the coal strike, but I can't think of enough to fill half a page.

Adviser: Well, why don't you write on what they didn't get? That ought to fill a book.

SOUNDED THAT WAY

Anthony: "Where's Cleopatra tonight?"

Maid: "Oh, sir, she's at home with tonsillitis."

Anthony: "Another of those Greeks, I suppose!"

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